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OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER 1, 1817. No. XXI.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The History of Marcus—Irish Pride—*and* Abdallah, an Eastern Tale, *shall have an early place.*

We continue to receive numerous announcements of works already published, in spite of our repeated notices, that such articles cannot be inserted in our Literary Intelligence.

The verses of L. L.—Constantia—Angelo—*and* H. C. *are inadmissible.*

The strictures of Cassandra *serve only to prove the extreme diversity of tastes—a point which the conductor of a literary publication is not likely to lose sight of.*

We should be happy to gratify An Inquirer, *but cannot communicate the name of any contributor without the authority of the party.*

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VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER 1, 1817. N°. XXI.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 12.—FOUR COTTAGES.

THE habitations of the labouring poor may be rendered ornamental, and the comforts of them increased, at a very trifling charge beyond the cost of common buildings: and for this purpose the annexed plate is designed for four cottages, connected with each other, and under one roof; a mode of building that admits a considerable saving of expense. This subject has been noticed in a former volume, to which our readers are referred. The public attention is now so fully called to consider the condition of the labouring classes of mankind, and particularly that of the cottager, and so much speculation has consequently taken place on the means of increasing their comforts, and on lessening the demands for parochial and other aid, that a relation of every successful means that has hitherto been employed for the purpose must be interesting; and as the following has borne the test of experience it will be the more acceptable, as it proves the advantages which result from giving the labourer the means of employing his surplus time.

A commonable land belonging to a parish was inclosed, and an allotment, containing twenty-five acres, set out for the use of such of the poor as rented less than ten pounds a year, to be stocked in common. Previous to the inclosure, there were some few cottages that had land let with them, to the amount of six or seven pounds a year each. The occupiers of those cottages with land annexed to them, were remarkable for bringing up their families in a more neat and decent manner than those whose cottages were without land; and it was this circumstance that led to the laying out of a plot of lands, besides the common before mentioned, to other of the cottages, and to add a small building sufficient to contain a horse or cow; and likewise grafting stocks to raise orchards. In some instances small sums of money were lent to these

cottagers for the purchase of a cow, a mare, or a pig.

The following good effects were the consequence of this proceeding: It has not in one instance failed in giving an industrious turn even to some of those who were before idle and profligate; their attention in nursing up the young trees has been so much beyond what a farmer, intent upon greater objects, could bestow, that the value of the orchard increased to double its usual rent, and the poor's rate fell from half-a-crown to fourpence in the pound, when in some of the adjoining parishes they were at length so high as five shillings in the pound; and it has also been the means of bringing a much larger supply of poultry to the market.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

HINTS ON THE MAKING OF BRITISH WINES.

By Dr. MACCULLOCH.

(Concluded from p. 69.)

IN making gooseberry wine, various proportions of fruit and sugar are used by different persons, but the most common consist of three pounds of sugar and four of fruit to eight pounds of water. Here the proportion of fruit is too small compared with that of the sugar, and the fermentation is consequently in general so imperfect as to leave the wine disagreeably sweet. At the same time the proportion of sugar is such as to render the wine stronger than the strongest wines of Champagne. If, therefore, this wine is to be amended in the composition, it is either by reducing the sugar, if we are contented with a weaker wine, or by increasing the fruit, if we are desirous of retaining the greatest strength.

Wines may be made from the produce of the ripe fruit, but it is commonly ill flavoured, and whether sweet or dry, is scarcely to be rendered palatable, unless perhaps by a most careful exclusion of the husks.

The three varieties of the currant are perhaps better known and more in use as ingredients in wine-making than the gooseberry. Both from the white and red sort wines are made which differ principally in colour, but also very slightly in flavour, though the flavour of neither is very characteristic. I have ascertained by repeated trials, that a principal defect in these wines, as commonly fabricated, arises from the sparing proportion in which the fruit is used, which otherwise contains a sufficient quantity of natural acid, as well as extractive matter, to ensure a perfect fermentation if properly managed. Partly from this cause, as well as from imperfect management of the fermentation, these wines are usually made sweet. They are also not uncommonly nauseous, as well from the combination of a natural bad flavour with this mawkish sweetness, as from the other improprieties of management. By increasing the quantity of fruit (which is generally proportioned like that for gooseberry wine), and by avoiding the use of the husks, the flavour is materially improved, and the quality

of the wine further ameliorated, the fabricator at the same time acquiring the power of making his wine sweet or dry: whereas, according to the present mode, he is generally unable to produce the latter variety. The natural tendency of this fruit is to form a wine analogous to the lighter wines of the grape, and it is a rational object to follow the tendency which is pointed out by the nature of the fruit. I have also reason to think, that much advantage would result from the use of tartar in this case, by which, among other defects, the ammoniacal taste so common in this wine seems to be prevented.

The proportion of tartar need not be specified, as it has been mentioned before, and that of sugar is to be regulated by the principles already laid down. With careful management, wines are thus produced from currants not easily to be distinguished from the Colares of Portugal, which, although not in the first class of wines, is certainly superior to most of our domestic manufactures. A considerable improvement may be made in the fabric of all those wines produced from fruits, of which the flavour is either bad or which possess no flavour at all; and this is by boiling the fruit previously to fermentation—a practice which I have caused to be adopted in currant wines with decided success. From this treatment many tasteless fruits acquire a flavour, and many bad flavours are converted into agreeable ones. In no case perhaps is this more remarkable than in the black currant, which, harsh and comparatively insipid in its natural state, acquires by boiling a powerful and to most persons a highly agreeable flavour.

In making wine from this variety of currant, the effects of the process are very remarkable; the produce of the new fruit being scarcely distinguished by any particular property from the herd of domestic wines, while that of the boiled fruit may with careful management be brought to resemble some of the best of the sweet Cape wines. In the white and red currant, the same precaution has been attended with results equally successful, though not marked by a contrast so decided. The same varieties of proportion are admissible in this case as in the others just mentioned. To what extent the practice of boiling may be tried with advantage, I do not know; but I may venture to point it out as an improvement worthy of further investigation.

Although the dried raisin cannot be considered as a domestic fruit, yet as, like the orange and lemon, it is largely used in the manufacture of domestic wines, I may here take notice of it. The history of the art of wine-making in the countries where the vine is an object of common cultivation, shews that the grape is in many places used for this purpose in a state if not actually that of raisins, yet approaching towards it. Thus the wines of Cyprus and Tokay, among many others, are produced from grapes which have undergone a partial desiccation. Analogy, therefore, would lead us to expect that wines of good quality might in this country also be produced by using the dried grape for that purpose, as they are imported in the state of raisins: yet the success which has

followed the innumerable attempts to make raisin wine, has by no means justified that expectation; although the expensive scale on which the manufacture has been and is still carried on by the makers of *sweets*, would long ere this have brought it to perfection. It is not apparent to what causes this failure is owing, nor is it possible, without repeated and expensive experiments, to investigate the process in such a way as to lay the foundation of a more successful practice. But an examination of the processes in common use may perhaps suggest some hints conducive to a more rational and improved mode of proceeding.

In manufacturing this wine on the large scale, whether for the purpose of open sale as *sweets*, or for the fraudulent imitation and adulteration of foreign wines, a quantity of raisins, varying from two as far as seven pounds to the gallon of water, is used, together with a proportion of common clayed sugar or molasses, reaching from half a pound to three or four pounds. In many cases, from four to six pounds of crude tartar per cwt. is added. Yeast is not in general employed to assist the fermentation, nor should it ever be used. It is asserted that the product of this process is a pure and flavourless vinous fluid, capable of receiving any flavour which may be required, and thus of imitating many wines of foreign growth. Whatever the case may be, when such fluids are used for the fraudulent purposes abovementioned, the wines themselves, which are common in the market, and which are confessedly made in this way, are almost always nauseous, whether sweet or dry, and however they may be called by the various names of Lunel, Teneriffe, Sherry, or Canary, they have all the same disagreeable and overpowering flavour. It is probable that a great part of this peculiarity is owing to the quality of the sugar employed; but it is also to be suspected that the complete drying of the grape developes in that fruit some obnoxious taste, which is communicated to the produce. I cannot pretend to throw any more particular light on the subject; but should recommend to those who are inclined to make trial of raisins, a nice attention to all the circumstances in the mode of fermentation and management. If these fail to produce the desired effect of purity in the wine, we shall then be entitled to consider the manufacture of raisin wine as incapable of further improvement.

In making wines, the fabricator should consider of what kind he wishes his wine to be, or which of the several modifications of foreign wines he means to resemble. To assist his views, I will briefly enumerate the several varieties which it is in his power to imitate in their general and fundamental qualities.

As all wines are reducible to four general divisions, of dry and strong, sweet, light and flavoured, or brisk, a regard to this ultimate object, their quality, must determine the mode of proceeding. If it is intended, for example, to make that kind of dry wine which is made in this country from raisins and sugar, the same practices will be necessary which are followed in the countries where wines are made from the grape for distillation. In

this case the wine is suffered to remain in the vat for three, four, or more days, until it ceases to have a saccharine taste, and till the whole of the sugar is converted into spirit. If it is intended to make a strong and sweet wine, the fermentation must be discouraged by speedily removing it from the vat to the cask, and by the further use of processes which suspend and ultimately destroy the fermenting process. Those most generally used, are racking and fining. But although racking and fining may disengage the wine from all precipitated leaven, it will not separate that which is held in solution, and of which the tendency is equally to destroy the wine at some distant period. For this purpose chemical means are required, and the process in common use is known by the name of *sulphuring*. It consists in filling the empty cask with the vapour of sulphur, from burning matches placed in the bunghole. The wine is then introduced into the cask, and if this first operation is found insufficient, it may be repeated as often as is necessary. When the leaven is so abundant that a large quantity of sulphureous acid is required, a portion of wine impregnated with the gas, by a process similar to that of the silk-bleachers, is used for mixing with the wine in the cask. The sulphate of potash offers itself as a convenient substitute for this operation; and in the quantity of a drachm or two it is sufficient in general for a large cask of liquor. Other chemical agents capable of accomplishing this end might be enumerated, but the operation of the whole is similar, and consists in precipitating and rendering insoluble the leaven which was contained in the wine. This process must be followed by that of racking and fining. The substances used for fining are most commonly isinglass, or the white of eggs, and the mode of applying them is universally known. Sand, gypsum, starch, rice, milk, blood, and the shavings of beech-wood, have been found to answer the same purpose.

The next leading description of wines is that to which, either in a state of sweetness or comparative dryness, is superadded the effervescence on uncorking, which produces briskness or sparkling. It is from gooseberries almost solely that this variety has in this country been made; but it is by no means limited to that fruit, since, with due attention to the period of maturity, and with careful management, it may be equally well made from any other fruit. I must not, however, quit this subject without cautioning the operator against a bad expedient, to which recourse has been had to produce the effect of sparkling. It is the introduction of a small portion of carbonate of potash or soda into the bottle immediately before corking it. The consequence of this is, doubtless, a disengagement of gas at the moment of pouring out; but the gas speedily flies off, almost before the wine can be drunk, since it exists but in a loose state of combination, and in but small quantity; nor does it communicate to the palate that agreeable and lively sensation which follows from the disengagement of that carbonic gas which is in a real state of combination with the wine. Moreover, the neutral

salt formed by the alkali with the natural acid of the wine is always sensible to the taste, while, at the same time, the native acid of the wine, so essential to the composition of this fluid, is destroyed; not to mention the danger of this acid taste being replaced by an alkaline one from an over-dose of that ingredient.

The third variety of wine is that of which Hock, Grave, and Rhenish may be taken as examples. In these the saccharine principle is entirely overcome by a complete fermentation. Makers of domestic wines have rarely succeeded in imitating these wines. The reasons are twofold: the great disproportion of the sugar to the subsequent fermentation in the first instance; and that want of the after-management, the neglect of which soon consigns these wines to the vinegar cask, if chance should even at first have produced success. I may venture to point out the imitation of these wines from my own experience, not only as readily attainable, but as among the very best of those which can be made from domestic fruits. It is evident that the relative proportions of the fruit and sugar in most common use must be materially altered, and that the fermentation must be conducted in a much more perfect manner before we can hope to produce wines of this character. It is equally evident, that the processes of racking, sulphuring, and fining, must be practised with great assiduity to preserve these wines after we have succeeded in making them.

The last class of wines are those which are both dry in their quality and strong in their nature. Such are Madeira, Sherry, and the stronger wines. With due attention to the fermentation, wines of this strength may be made without the addition of brandy. This addition, when used to excess, is not only injurious to the liquor but to the constitution, as it introduces an additional quantity of ardent spirits into a beverage already perhaps too strong. Its use is also in some measure founded on a mistaken principle, as it is resorted to, at least in this country, among the makers of domestic wines, for the imaginary purpose of checking fermentation, and preventing the occurrence of the acetous state. It has been shewn by recent trials, that alcohol does not check the acetous process, unless added in a much greater quantity than it is ever used for wine; and I have already pointed out the true principles on which the tendency to vinegar may be prevented. An idle notion is prevalent among the makers of domestic wines, that they are deficient in durability. On the contrary, the durability of these wines is in fact shortened by the admixture of brandy, since it ultimately decomposes them, driving off their carbonic acid, destroying their brisk and sprightly taste, and rendering them vapid and flat; while, at the same time, their salubrity is diminished and their price increased. If, notwithstanding this view, makers of wine are still determined to have recourse to the practice of adding spirits, I will point out the least injurious manner in which it may be effected. It may be added to the liquor before fermentation—a method in use in the manufacture of sherry.

It may also be added during the subsequent renewals of the fermentation, which have a sort of periodical recurrence in the cask; the operation being founded on the practice known to wine-coopers by the term *fretting-in.* When for any purpose it is found convenient to mix two varieties of wine, that time of spring is selected when a slight fermentation is renewed, or this process is brought on by rolling or heating. A perfect union of the wines mixed at this period then takes place, a slight fermentation being induced, which serves to unite the whole into one homogeneous fluid. It is under similar circumstances that brandy may be added, and it then enters into a combination with the wine, more nearly resembling that natural union in which alcohol exists in this fluid; while, at the same time, it produces less injury either to the flavour of the liquor, or to the health of the consumer.

DIRECTIONS FOR KEEPING BUTCHER'S MEAT.

Butchers' shops, larders, pantries, and safes should be sheltered from the sun, and otherwise removed from heat; be dry; and if possible, have a current of dry cool air through them. With this view, it would be advisable to have windows, or openings, on all sides; which might be closed, or opened, according to the way which the wind blows, the time of the day, or the season of the year. Where windows on opposite sides cannot be had, a current of air may be obtained, by making a flue under the pavement, or floor, from the front, or on one side, to the opposite side. The greatest attention to cleanliness also is necessary.

Charcoal powder is a very powerful antiseptic, and meat may be preserved, or rendered much more palatable, even when considerably tainted, by covering it with charcoal-powder, or by burying it for a few hours under-ground; this is probably owing to the carbon or charcoal contained in the earth.—Meat, and even game, may be preserved by wrapping it in a clean linen cloth, and burying it in a box filled with dry sand, where it will remain sweet for three weeks, if deposited in an airy, dry, and cool chamber. A joint of meat may be preserved for several days, even in summer, by wrapping it in a clean linen cloth, previously moistened with good vinegar, placing it in an earthen pan, or hanging it up, and changing the cloth, or wringing it out afresh in vinegar, once or twice a day, if the weather be very warm.

The best meat for keeping is *mutton*, and the best joint of that a leg; which, with care, if the weather be only moderately hot, in summer will keep about a week; in winter, if the weather be open, a fortnight. A shoulder is the next best joint. The scrag end of a neck keeps the worst, and in warm weather will not keep above two days; if very warm, it is bad the second day. Every kernel, of all sorts of meat, if not taken out by the butcher, should be taken out by the cook, as soon as brought in; then wipe it dry.—In *beef*, the ribs will keep the best, and with care will keep five or six days in summer, and in winter ten. The middle of the loin is the next best, and

the rump the next. The round will not keep long, unless salted. The brisket is the worst, and will not keep longer than three days in summer, and a week in winter.—*Lamb* is the next in order for keeping, though it is considered best to eat it soon, or even the day it is killed.—The first part that turns bad of a leg of *veal*, is where the udder is skewered back. The skewer should be taken out, and both that and the part under it wiped every day, by which means it will keep good three or four days in hot weather. The pipe that runs along the chine of a loin of veal should be taken out, to prevent its tainting. The skirt of a breast of veal is likewise to be taken off, and the inside of the breast wiped and scraped, and sprinkled with a little salt.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

PATRICK WATKINS.

Captain Porter, an officer of the navy of the United States of America, has recently published a Narrative of a Voyage in the South Seas, which contains some curious particulars respecting an individual, who, like another Alexander Selkirk, resided for some time by himself on one of the Gallipagos. These islands are all evidently of volcanic origin; every mountain and hill is the crater of an extinct volcano; and thousands of smaller fissures which have burst from their sides give them the most dreary, desolate, and inhospitable appearance imaginable. The description of one island will answer for all: they appear unsuited for the residence of man, or any other animal that cannot, like the tortoise, live without food, or draw its subsistence entirely from the sea.

Lieutenant Downes saw on the rocks, with which the bay was in many parts skirted, several seals and pelicans, some of which he killed; but on searching the shore diligently, was unable to find any land-tortoises, though they no doubt abound in other parts of the island. Doves were seen in great numbers, and were so easily approached, that several of them were knocked down with stones. While our boat was on shore (says Captain Porter), Captain Randall sent his boat to a small beach in the same bay, about a mile from where our boat landed, and in a short time she returned loaded with fine green turtle.

On the east side of the island there is another landing, which he calls Pat's Landing; and this place will probably immortalize an Irishman, named Patrick Watkins, who some years since left an English ship, and took up his abode on this island; built himself a miserable hut, about a mile from the landing called after him, in a valley containing about two acres of ground capable of cultivation, and perhaps the only spot on the island which affords sufficient moisture for the purpose. Here he succeeded in raising potatoes and pumpkins in considerable quantities, which he

generally exchanged for rum or sold for cash. The appearance of this man was the most dreadful that can be imagined: ragged clothes, scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, and infested with vermin; his red hair and beard matted; his skin much burnt from constant exposure to the sun, and so wild and savage in his manner and appearance that he struck every one with horror. For several years this wretched being lived by himself on this desolate spot, without any other apparent desire than that of procuring rum in sufficient quantities to keep himself intoxicated; and at such times, after an absence from his hut of several days, he would be found in a state of perfect insensibility, rolling among the rocks of the mountains. He appeared to be reduced to the lowest state of which human nature is capable, and seemed to have no desire beyond the tortoises and other animals of the island, except that of getting drunk. But this man, wretched and miserable as he may have appeared, was neither destitute of ambition, nor incapable of undertaking an enterprize that would have appalled the heart of any other man; nor was he devoid of the talent of rousing others to second his hardihood.

By some means he became possessed of an old musket and a few charges of powder and ball; and the possession of this weapon first set into action all his ambitious plans. He felt himself strong as the sovereign of the island, and was desirous of proving his strength on the first human being who fell in his way. This happened to be a negro who was left in charge of a boat belonging to an American ship that had touched there for refreshments. Patrick came down to the beach where the boat lay, armed with his musket, now become his constant companion, and ordered the negro in an authoritative manner to follow him. On his refusal he snapped his musket at him twice, but it luckily missed fire. The negro, however, became intimidated, and followed him. Patrick now shouldered his musket, marched off before, and, on his way up the mountains, exultingly informed the negro that he was thenceforth to work for him and be his slave, and that his good or bad treatment would depend on his future conduct; but on arriving at a narrow defile, the negro, perceiving Patrick off his guard, seized the opportunity, grasped him in his arms, threw him down, tied his hands behind, shouldered him and carried him to his boat, and when the crew arrived, he was taken on board the ship. An English smuggler was lying in the harbour at the same time, the captain of which sentenced Patrick to be severely whipped on board both vessels, which was put in execution, and he was afterwards taken on shore handcuffed by the Englishmen, who compelled him to make known where he had concealed the few dollars he had been enabled to accumulate from the sale of his potatoes and pumpkins, which they took from him. While they were busied in destroying his hut and garden, the wretched being made his escape, and concealed himself among the rocks in the interior of the island until the ship had sailed, when he ventured from his skulk-

ing place, and by means of an old file, which he drove into a tree, freed himself from the handcuffs.

He now meditated a severe revenge, but concealed his intentions. Vessels continued to touch there, and Patrick, as usual, to furnish them with vegetables; but from time to time he was enabled, by administering potent draughts of his darling liquor to some of the men of their crews, and making them so drunk that they were insensible, to conceal them till the ship had sailed; when, finding themselves entirely dependant on him, they willingly enlisted under his banners, became his slaves, and he the most absolute of tyrants. By these means he had augmented the number to five, including himself, and every expedient was employed by him to procure arms for them, but without effect. It is supposed that his object was to have surprised some vessel, massacred her crew, and carried her off.

While Patrick was meditating his plans, two ships, an American and an English vessel, touched there, and applied to him for vegetables. He promised them the greatest abundance, provided they would send their boats to his landing, and their people to bring them from his garden, informing them, that his rascals had become so indolent of late that he could not get them to work. This arrangement was agreed to; two boats were sent from each vessel, and hauled upon the beach. Their crews all went to Patrick's habitation, but neither he nor any of his people were to be found; and after waiting till their patience was exhausted, they returned to the beach, where they found only the wreck of three of their boats, and the fourth was missing. They succeeded, however, with much difficulty in getting round to the bay opposite to their ships, where other boats were sent to their relief; and the commanders of the ships, apprehensive of some other trick, saw no security except in a flight from the island, leaving Patrick and his gang in quiet possession of the boat; but before they sailed, they put a letter in a keg, giving intelligence of the affair, and moored it in the bay, where it was found by Captain Randall, but not until he had sent his boat to Patrick's Landing for the purpose of procuring refreshments; and, as may easily be supposed, he felt no little inquietude till her return, when she brought him a letter from Patrick, which was found in his hut.

Patrick arrived alone at Guayaquil in his open boat, the rest who sailed with him having perished for want of water, or, as is generally supposed, having been put to death by him on finding his water grow scarce. He proceeded thence to Payta, where he insinuated himself into the affection of a tawny damsel, and prevailed on her to consent to accompany him back to his island, the beauties of which he no doubt painted in glowing colours; but from his savage appearance, he was there considered by the police as a suspicious person, and being found under the keel of a small vessel then ready to be launched, and suspected of some improper intentions, he was confined in Payta gaol, where he now remains.

MISCELLANIES.

Plate 13.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER IX.

December 27.

I HAVE this morning sent my John to the town with letters, and directions to bring me cash for a bill. I must reward these honest folks as well as I can for the relish of life which they have excited in me.

For the rest, to-day has passed with me like yesterday. Whoever would become reconciled with uniformity, let him fix his abode in this village. If it were as honourable, my dear friend, as it is convenient, to put off the reader with a commonplace for the space of fourteen or fifteen hours, I should only need to have recourse to the ordinary expedient of shallow heads, and with a long dash———to give holiday to myself and my pen. But as the uniformity of which I was just speaking is not so monotonous as you may imagine; as, moreover, Margot is gone to bed; as all around me is so quiet, and I am not tied to a few pages more or less, I know not what should prevent me from being to-day rather more circumstantial than ordinary.

I have not, indeed, like you, witnessed the performance of a new opera, or the mutilation of any other masterpiece of nature; but to make amends, I have seen, and that much more plainly than any courtier ever has the good fortune to do, all the springs of a susceptible female heart in motion—the most delightful pantomime given by love in honour of me, and of me alone. For this reason, as well as on account of the incessant compliments which it afforded me occasion to pay sometimes to my penetration, and at others to my self-love, the piece had no inconsiderable interest for me—to say nothing of many other grateful emotions of generosity, compassion, and the like.

Margot, who, while I was writing this morning, had sense enough not to disturb me, and was meanwhile employed in the out-house in explaining to my John the whole history of the silk-worm, could not, when I had dispatched him with the letters, any longer conceal her disappointment for the loss of her walk. You should only have seen how peevish she affected to be, with what tenderness she rallied me upon my scribbling, and how I hastened to promise to make her amends for it in the afternoon.

This promise restored all her good-humour. She flew to the kitchen, urged on the fire, and with such success, that the *ommelette* indeed was rather scorched, but yet we could sit down to it half an hour earlier than we should otherwise have done. For my part, I could not have relished it better had it been dressed in the highest perfection; but she did not like it, even though it was I who helped her. She was lost to every ordinary want. Her voice was tremulous as

Sappho's, and her brilliant eye fixed upon nothing between earth and heaven—except me. My experience came most seasonably to my aid. I listened not to the symphony of my heart with hers—I silenced its first accords, and could thus pay the more undivided attention to the natural *adagio* of the little *virtuosa*, which, I solemnly assure you, afforded me greater pleasure than the performance of the most complete orchestra.

No sooner had we risen from table, than the poor girl, unable to endure the house any longer, reached me my hat and stick, and tripped before me out of the cottage. When I beheld the azure sky, I felt a secret dread of the solitary walk, to which, with the utmost innocence, she sought to entice me. I thought at the moment of the listening Cupid in the most secluded corner of your park, which is certainly not the work of a bungler. I know not a more instructive personification of the god of love. The equivocal smile with which he in silence fixes his looks on the recesses of the wood—the buoyant energy which expands his wings—the slight alarm which he excites in every one who comes upon him unawares, were all fearfully present with me at the moment.

I seated myself on the wooden bench in front of the house, and taking the girl by both hands, drew her gently towards me. "Margot," said I, "before we go any farther, I have something to tell you. I have good reasons for not wishing to ascend our hill to-day."

"So have I," rejoined my companion sighing, and with a *naïveté* which had well nigh made me forget what I was going to say.

"We will leave the beautiful almond-tree to itself to-day. Its flowers will blow without us."

"I dare say they will," replied Margot: "but what do you mean by this?"

"Margot," said I, with considerable embarrassment, "you must have heard of Cupid?"

"Not a syllable," answered she, with a look of evident surprise.

"Well then," continued I, with still greater hesitation than before, "I must tell you that it is a—a kind of robber, who is said to haunt your hill, and make it very unsafe."

"A very pretty story indeed!" cried Margot, interrupting me, and bursting into a loud laugh. "Why, there's not a word of truth in it. The hill unsafe, to be sure! I should not mind strolling through the whole wood with you, for I am certain we should meet with nobody that would do us any harm. But I am not sorry that you are afraid; for, to tell the truth, I begin to be tired of the solitary hill. It makes me dull when I look at it. Let us take a walk this afternoon to the post-place, where, as it is market-day, we shall find all the asses and people in motion."

"Good!" said I, somewhat disappointed, rising from my seat; and while Margot, merry as a child just released from school, gamboled on before, I slowly followed like a master who has just been flogging the sixth commandment into his scholars, though, with the exception of himself, not one in the whole class is capable either of comprehending or transgressing it. Was I in any better predicament with

THE EMBRACE.

my abortive apologue? Did not the reason why Margot could not understand me lie in her youth and innocence, as did her present ardent desire of diversion in that pleasingly painful emotion with which she was not yet familiar, and which she strove to suppress?

You may judge, Edward, whether the sweet girl, enveloped with the brilliant radiance of nature, in which she this day appeared to me like a suffering saint, was not dearer to me than ever. I must have been either a Turk or a brute to have entertained the idea which suggested itself immediately after the failure of my first attempt at instruction, and to have abused the highly vaunted Socratic method, for the purpose of enlightening the artless girl as to her real situation; or, which would have been the same thing, to disturb the must in its fermentation in order to intoxicate myself with it. "No," said I, "let me rather pass on thirsty, and leave the coming wine pure and unadulterated for him for whom fortune and time reserve this cordial."

I was firmly resolved, during the few days that I had yet to spend in the company of this extraordinary creature, to confine myself to the moderate pleasure of observing her; and, above all, not to defer my departure—I will not say for a few months, as my evil genius had several times suggested—even a single hour beyond the stated period.

Engaged with these heroic ideas, I reached the post-place some minutes after Margot; but it was not long before I found my apprehensions verified. Her feverish uneasiness would not allow her to remain on one spot. Scarcely had we seen one ass come in, and another trot away, when she wanted to go farther. She walked pensively along the high-road, and I followed her without objection through the dust. She presently hung herself familiarly to my arm, and thus we strolled silently on, till, without perceiving it, we had got within a few hundred paces of the gate of the town. The paved road had fatigued her. We therefore sat down on one of the stone benches, with which the French streets are abundantly provided for the accommodation of pedestrians, and gazed at the moving picture that lay before us.

Meanwhile Margot became so extremely thoughtful, that I could not help looking at her with surprise, but without being able to discover immediately what was passing in her breast. What her tongue was incapable of explaining when I inquired the cause of her dejection, was so much the more eloquently expressed by her blood, which tinged her angelic face with the glow of innocence and roses, and compelled me, in spite of myself, to repay this involuntary confession of her disinterested attachment with a most fervent kiss.

At the delicious moment, which the overflowing heart won from staggered reason, a phaëton rolled from a cross-road behind us into the highway, and passed slowly by during my embrace. I raised my head, and met the contemptuous looks cast upon me and my darling by a man without physiognomy—in a word, by the celebrated author of the *Revolution in Portugal*, whom

I had met at Nismes. I was as confounded as if it had been the first time that I was ever exposed to the hasty judgment of a coxcomb when outward appearances were against me. With my long experience of a court, I had not yet learned to disregard such freaks of chance, and to exclaim with the honest man in Plautus—forgive me for quoting Latin—*Ego sum promus meo pectori; suspicio in alieno pectore est sita.* No, I was vexed to the bottom of my heart, both at the impossibility of explaining the innocent circumstances attending such a kiss to a man of his stamp, and at the sarcastic remarks with which he would gain the applause of his evening party at my expense; till at length I began to quarrel with myself for being weak enough to be vexed at such miserable trifles.

I knew not how to help myself over this mortification in any other way, than by aggravating the only fault that I knew of him, and dishing it up in this way for little Margot:—"That ugly man who passed us just now has written the most wretched, stupid poem that is to be found in all France; a tragedy without life or spirit—as long and unmeaning as the author's nose."

Margot, however, paid not the least attention to what I said. "There comes your John," was her only reply.

In truth, my criticism deserved no other. We rose, and went to meet my faithful John, who familiarly joined us. I forgot the baron, Margot hummed a song, and while a fine evening brought us slowly home, John gave me an account of his proceedings in town.

December 28.

If I had reason to be satisfied with yesterday, I have infinitely more cause to be pleased with to-day. You know, or at least you will know if you ever read as far as this, the state of poor Margot's heart. On my part, indeed, it requires extraordinary resolution to refrain from offering her relief. Her former cheerfulness is quite gone, and to the other symptoms are now added restless nights. What will become of the poor girl?

I lay fast asleep in my closet, when I was awakened as I imagined by her voice, but it was only the sound of the sighs that burst from her bosom. As all was silent around us, I suffered not a breath to escape by which my oppressed heart sought to lighten itself—not one of those wishes concentrated into a gentle *Ah!* which course through the blood, and betray themselves to the observer before they are audible to the innocent soul, like the breeze upon the Æolian harp. But for this violence to myself, we should have produced the most singular concert of sighs that ever was performed; for the more attentively I listened, the more difficult it became every moment for me not to join her.

How glad was I when the day began to dawn, and when I could soon afterwards quit my bed with honour! I passed hers without accident, but carried with me a heart so full of sympathetic feelings, as to prevent me from thinking of any thing else during my solitary walk. I know not, therefore, how swiftly, or how slowly, I ascended the hill; all I recollect is, that this morning it seemed neither lofty, nor exten-

sive, nor romantic enough. I must unconsciously have descended on the other side, for, when the most ludicrous of adventures recalled my presence of mind, I found myself in the midst of an unknown wilderness, perceived my pine-hill some miles distant, and could scarcely discern Caverac with my naked eye.

Is it worth while that the three graces of human life, Truth, Nature, and Friendship, should jointly endeavour to place before you the most ridiculous figure in which you ever beheld a man possessing his sober senses? If you think so, I shall be obliged to prefix a few observations. In my opinion, people ought not to shake their heads at such pictures, and to condemn their author, unless, like Rousseau, he places them with a mysterious mien upon the altar of immortality, and directs in a codicil, provided with an anathema, that they shall not be exhibited to the world till twenty years after he has returned to his kindred dust. But wherefore all this ceremony? According to my present way of thinking—and God grant that I may long continue in it!—I would not give one hour of health to be known by name to the second generation.

I had strolled into the thickest part of a trackless wood, unconscious whether it was the radiance of Aurora or the beams of the moon that lighted my steps. Imagination dwelt on the passion with which I had inspired the innocent Margot; it reproached me with the cruelty of abandoning her to despair; and boldly plunging into futurity, pictured our bridal chamber. In all the undisguised bloom of youthful beauty, she stood trembling with rapture before me. The Loves and the Joys spread their wings around us; intoxicated with transport, I extended my arms, and caught in my embrace ——— the rugged trunk of an aged fig-tree.

Painful as was this collision, for I had received a very severe contusion on the forehead, I refrained from cursing the fig-tree, and bore it with a resignation which would have done honour to a stoic. I waited till the pain occasioned by the embrace had somewhat abated, and then — sufficiently cooled—I set out on my return.

When I had almost reached the pine-hill, I heard a voice calling me. I raised my eyes and beheld the most delicious rural prospect that can be conceived; I looked down the hill, and saw through the bushes a nymph-like figure, light as Zephyr—in short, it was my dear little Margot, in whose honour I bore the mark upon my brow, come skipping to meet me. A little lower down my John emerged from the thicket, and in the background I perceived my host following, armed with a hatchet.

"Oh, sir!" cried Margot, sinking breathless into my arms—"for Heaven's sake, where have you staid so long? How you have frightened me and all of us! For this hour past John and I have been seeking you on this detestable hill. We have looked into every corner and every bush. Where—where have you been?"—Presently up came John, and soon afterwards Blaise, and repeated the same questions.

"Why, my friends," replied I smiling, "it is no wonder that I should return later than I ought

from such an agreeable walk as I have had this morning.—You should have looked for me two hours earlier, Margot; then you might have enjoyed it with me, and spared yourself the ridiculous alarm which you seem to have felt on my account."

"Indeed," rejoined Blaise, "she has been alarmed: she has made quite a child of herself."

As I now happened to take off my hat to wipe away the perspiration, Margot perceiving my forehead covered with blood, gave a piercing shriek. "Did I not say so?" cried she with a tremulous voice; "but nobody would believe me."

"And what would they not believe, Margot?" I asked in astonishment.

"That you had fallen," replied the others, "into the hands of a robber, who, as she would fain persuade us, haunts this hill."

The poor girl appealed to me to confirm the truth of the story, and insisted that the contusion on my forehead was too palpable a proof of it. Aware that my auditory was not of so refined a cast that a mythological explanation might have extricated me from the dilemma—knowing that Margot had no notion, that every thing which is told us should not be taken literally—and totally at a loss for a satisfactory answer, I sought, like a good politician, to gain time, pretended to be more hungry than I really was, and begged Margot to run on before, that on our arrival we might find upon the table something ready to eat. She gives no occasion for repeating a desire of this kind. Away she flew like Anacreon's dove, and John along with her, while my host and I followed them more leisurely.

By the way he related to me how the dear girl's anxiety at my unusual absence had increased every moment; how no representations were capable of quieting her, and how she was at last proposing to summon the whole village to go in quest of and assist me.

"But," continued he, "how came you by that ugly wound on your forehead?"

"I blundered against a fig-tree, my dear fellow," replied I--"that's all."

"So, so," rejoined he laughing: "that's an accident which might happen to any of us. Nobody can always guard against a false step.--But, take care; such an explanation will be far too natural for our silly girl. Now she has once got the confounded robber into her head, there will be no such thing as convincing her, that it was not he who gave you that mark."

Honest Blaise could not have supposed, that his simple tale was so interesting to me as it really proved to be. Little did he imagine that he was describing in the most eloquent terms the passion of his niece for me, whilst, as he believed, he was diverting me with her simplicity. He never dreamt that there was a stronger feeling of truth in the childish prattle of young Margot, than in many other tales to which we readily give credit. But then indeed he was not so well acquainted as myself with the secret connection of my wound with the absurd story related by his niece; nor could he have any conception how closely truth and error here bordered on one another.

As soon as we had reached the

house, we sat down with equal appetite to table, with the exception of Margot, who, from extreme curiosity, which she had also communicated to her aunt, could not taste a morsel. My story, as you will easily believe, was not one of those of which we like to be reminded: the examination of the little simpleton was of course not the most agreeable. I would gladly have got rid of her interrogations—but that was impossible. Her uncle indeed, on the first *mad* question, as he called it, silenced her for the time that we were eating: but no sooner had we risen from table, and my host and his wife gone about their respective business, than the little flattering creature was by my side; and while she applied a plaister to my forehead and pressed it on with her hands, she prattled away in a tone of the most serious compassion, without suspecting how unmercifully she was rallying me. "Then you have really met with that rogue--that Cupid? Good God! how terrified you must have been! Was it a large stone that he threw at you? How did you contrive to escape with your life? Do tell me all about it!"

"Margot," said I, to put an end at once to the conversation, "I will tell you in two words.—I saw the rogue of whom I warned you yesterday, but only at a distance; I took courage—(which in your case would be foolhardiness)—pursued, and fancied I had caught him, when, in my eager haste, I ran against the tree behind which he concealed himself—you see the lump which the blow has left—and when I looked round, he was gone."

"Gone!" cried she. "Well, for your sake I am heartily glad he did go. 'Tis the best thing that can happen when you will not run away yourself. But," continued the arch hussy, "what are our vagabonds to you? and what in all the world would you have done with Cupid if you had caught him? Would you have gone to the expense of bringing him to trial? Our parish, I assure you, is a great deal too poor for that."

"You are right, pretty Margot," replied I with all the gravity I could muster. "I was certainly too precipitate, and you would therefore oblige me by talking no more upon the subject.—But, my dear girl," said I, fixing my eyes stedfastly on hers, "it seems to me as if you had become since yesterday much more inquisitive, more timid, and more feeling, than I have hitherto known you?"

A sudden blush—I would not undertake to say that it did not originate in the consciousness left behind from her first restless night—crimsoned her lovely face, and formed a charming contrast with her evident surprise at my unexpected question. I almost repented of my bluntness. However, I gained one point by it: she desisted from her inquiries, probably presupposing, that in return I should not prosecute mine.

Under the influence of this silent compact, which each party most solemnly observed, we passed the remainder of the day in our usual good-humour. I retired early to bed, as well from inclination, as from a wish to give my friends, who seemed to be tired, an opportunity to do the same.

HISTORY OF PEREGRINE PIROUETTE.

Our childish days are said to be the happiest of our lives. This observation, though generally true, admits of some exceptions, and the little Peregrine Pirouette was one of them. He had the misfortune to be a complete dunce, and though he was literally flogged through the five declensions, yet when his education was finished, he knew so little of what he had been taught, that his father declared with a sigh, the money expended on his education might as well have been thrown into the Thames. He was, however, mistaken in saying that Peregrine did not know any one thing he had learned, for he danced extremely well; and that was in truth the sum total of his knowledge.

Mr. Pirouette had intended his son for one of the learned professions, but as his want of talent and information rendered that plan impracticable, he resolved to try to procure him a situation in one of the public offices, which, as he had himself a place under government, he flattered himself would not be a difficult matter.

Sudden death prevented the execution of Mr. Pirouette's plan, and Peregrine was left, at the age of twenty, without fortune or profession. To the surprise of every body, he contrived to maintain a genteel appearance, and continued to be received in the best company. People indeed wondered at and blamed his idleness, but Pirouette, whose head was full of a scheme to make his fortune, went quietly on in pursuit of it, without troubling himself about the censures bestowed upon him.

Peregrine's plan was to make, if he could, a good matrimonial speculation, but the chances were apparently by no means in his favour; his figure indeed was good, but his features were plain, or rather ugly, and though his address was pleasing and gentlemanly, there was nothing in his person or manners likely to captivate a lady. He made, however, such a good use of his talent for dancing, that he soon ingratiated himself into the favour of some managing mammas who had handsome daughters to dispose of. Nobody understood the art of shewing off his partner to advantage so well as Peregrine, and if the young lady attracted the notice of a man of fortune or title, a hint from the mamma made him resign her hand with the best grace in the world.

Pirouette soon began to be looked on as extremely useful in bringing young ladies forward, and my readers will readily believe, that there were few fashionable balls to which he was not invited. In truth, these invitations were useful to him in more ways than one; for the refreshments frequently answered the double purpose of dinner and supper, as, in the midst of his gaiety, he was often obliged to practise the most rigid abstinence: however, he always contrived to wear good clothes and a happy countenance, for he had *tact* enough to know, that his only chance of success lay in appearing to want nothing.

With all his apparently careless good-humour, Peregrine did not for a moment lose sight of his scheme. In the brilliant parties to

which he was invited, his attentions were not directed to youth and beauty; no, the plain but well-portioned damsel, or the rich dowager, was his object, and they never failed to lend a gracious ear to the compliments he assiduously paid them: but these ladies were in general as skilful manœuvrers as Peregrine himself. They considered him as a desirable dangler, but not one of them thought seriously of bestowing her fortune upon a man who had none of his own; and our poor speculator was nearly reduced to despair, when chance threw him in the way of the widow Autumn.

Mrs. Autumn was just turned of forty, but though past her prime, she was still a fine woman, good-humoured, good-natured, and neither mercenary nor ambitious.

Peregrine, who was introduced to her at a ball, solicited very respectfully the honour of her hand. She replied gaily, that she was too old to dance. Peregrine listened to her with an air of incredulity, extremely flattering to a lady of her age, and contradicted her assertion with a warmth which, upon any other subject, would not have been polite. If Mrs. Autumn had a fault, it was an impatience of contradiction; which, however, did not appear in the present instance, for she not only forgave the warmth with which Peregrine opposed her, but even permitted him to remain at her side the whole evening.

Sensible that the widow would be to him an invaluable prize, Peregrine continued to pay her the most assiduous attention, and took care to manage so as to let her see how much he was in request among the young and handsome fashionables with whom he mixed. This circumstance pleaded powerfully in his favour; the widow's vanity was flattered by attaching to herself a man, who, though he was neither witty, handsome, nor rich, possessed an equivalent for all three in being the fashion. She had contracted when young a marriage of convenience, she now found herself inclined to make a match of affection: however, she still combated her inclination, and frequently said to herself, "After I have refused so many eligible offers, to give my hand to a man whose chief recommendation is, that he is a fine dancer—oh! at my age it will be too ridiculous!"

While her mind was in this fluctuating state, an accident decided her. Lord Listless had dangled for a considerable time after the beautiful Miss Bellair, without coming to the point, and in hopes of bringing him to it, the lady commenced a flirtation with Peregrine, which she carried so far that Mrs. Autumn, apprehensive of losing him, yielded to his ardent solicitations, and bestowed upon him her hand and fortune. It is now two years since the marriage took place, and as yet she has had no reason to repent it.

Since his marriage has given him riches and consequence, Peregrine does not go so often as he did to balls; but when his lady gives one, it is sure to be attended by all the beauty and fashion in town; and while Peregrine exhibits his skill in the waltz or quadrille, she listens with pleasure to her guests' declaration, that Mr. Pirouette is certainly the very best private dancer in England.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF PRISCILLA OLDSKIRTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,——As I presume the account of the distresses of an amateur, introduced into some of your late numbers, is drawn up by my sweet husband, I suppose I may be allowed to reply; and since he has begun to expose his concerns to the whole world, I am determined he shall not do it without reason. You have chosen, Mr. Editor, to interfere between man and wife; this you have done in more instances than one, as the pages of your *Repository* bear witness. Have a care, or you may repent of this: domestic concerns are not to be laid open with impunity; and you, who must have read much, must be well aware that a woman's indignation is not to be despised. If you do not suffer for interfering in matrimonial squabbles, you will, I believe, be the only person on record who has escaped with impunity for such flagitious—yes, sir, I am right in my word *flagitious*—proceedings. It has ever been the disgrace of your sex to triumph over ours, to deceive us into wedlock; and although we do match you for this in our opposition to your wishes, yet the natural inclination which we all have to conquer you entirely, still leaves us impatient under your dominion. Pleased, nay delighted, with the idea of marrying a literary character, I easily fell a prey to the arts and seemingly agreeable manners of a man, to whom I condescended to give my hand. Love and poetry lit up the torch of Hymen; and, as Mr. Phillips would say, the rosy halo of the first hovered round our heads, while the latter stimulated the urgency of our union: but, alas! sir, as the song says, "What was my pride is now my shame." Bitterly have I repented the choice I made. Before we were married, the sonnets he composed were delightful, for they were in praise of me; the poems, the novels he used to read to me, fanned the flame of my love, and drove *ennui* from my doors. I could stroll with him all day, I could suffer the incense he offered at my shrine, because it was I who inspired all his verses; and to be like Waller's Sacharissa, Hammond's Delia, or Spenser's Geraldine—I think that was the name of the latter gentleman's lady—nay, even if I might become like Swift's Vanessa, or even his Stella, was a bait my silly heart caught at to rivet my chains; but now he neglects me, and does not even treat me with a single "Fare thee well for ever!" If I give my opinion, he is silent; if I want him to walk, he is engaged; and if to read out, he has a cough, a sore throat, or no time. I, however, became the wife of a professed scribbler, to be made the sport of that pen I once so much admired, and am now held up by it as a warning to the rest of the world; and, like the wife of a certain Methodist clergyman not many miles from Blackfriars bridge, I am pointed at as a beacon for every one to avoid marrying who possesses such faults as those from which my husband is presumed to be a sufferer; in short, I serve only "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

In vain I expostulate, he hears me not; occupied at breakfast, dinner, or tea, with a book, he regards me not, except irritated at length with my complaints, he snatches up his volume, and declaring he has not been able to understand a page, owing to my confounded rattle, he bursts out of the room. He has become to me at once a neglecter of my charms as well as my tormentor; and this appeal is forced from me not in the hope of relief, but in order to shew him that I will have the last word either by hook or by crook. He has ceased to be a companion to me; 'tis true he bursts out occasionally into speech, but it is in notes of admiration of his own talents, or interjections at my want of comprehension for some of his fine similes. His words, vented in monosyllables, soon subside; or else he dogmatical, and myself categorical, rend the air with our voices. Every day passes without a period or full-stop to my troubles. If he writes poetry, it is on other charms than mine; if it be prose, I am called upon every moment to look into the dictionary, for he is but a moderate speller, to search for authorities I can never find, and to be castigated as stupid because I am not wiser—which, in good truth, it is very easy to be—than himself. My rooms are littered over with dirty manuscripts, volumes, and papers. The *devil* is constantly at our door, destroying the comfort of our meals; and I hear nothing all day long but demands for copy, delays of proofs. Our children are driven out, that he may enjoy *solus* some fine idea; and when he goes to press, I am called upon to read some uninteresting detail, to be chidden for mistakes of his own creating, to refer to volumes, and to collect errata, of which he has always a plentiful stock. He acts like nobody else: every body shuns the author and his wife; or if by chance we do go out for *a cup of tea*, every body seems afraid of my husband except myself, who know that he is a *very* mortal. If the exertions of his pen were profitable resources; if I were enabled to sport a larger house, or dress like Mrs. Grundy, I should not grumble. You, sir, best know what remuneration he gets for detailing his troubles in your magazine; and I know not how many novels, narratives, with biographical and topographical schemes, have fallen stillborn from the press. I would say more, but he is coming up stairs; besides, my family demand my attention. My little Sappho has yet to learn her letters; Pensorosa has torn her frock in romping; Euphrosyne is crying because her dancing lesson begins to-day; Petrarch has torn his book; and my youngest Apollo is scraping a fiddle close to my ears: so, sir, no more at present from yours, as you conduct yourself in future,

P. OLDSKIRTS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

To S. SAGEPHIZ, *Esq*.

SIR,——YOU have, I dare say, been long ago convinced of the truth of our modern Terence's observation, that "Fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway." To her magic influence must we attri-

bute not only the changes which take place in our dress, but our manners, education, and even in some respects our morals, are influenced by her. The ladies especially are, and have been time immemorial, under her guidance. In the days of Elizabeth, of glorious memory, fair ones of exalted rank sought celebrity in the paths of science; it was fashionable to be deeply versed in Greek and Latin, and the royal Bess herself led the mode. But what were the acquirements of the virgin queen and her maids of honour compared to those of our modern fashionables, who, disdaining the beaten track of their great-grandmothers, come out, as it is termed, at seventeen or eighteen with a stock of knowledge, which in former days it would have taken a whole life to acquire! As a proof of the truth of this assertion, I need only remind you of the various pursuits of a modern *belle*, who, besides the old accomplishments of music, singing, dancing, the languages, &c. &c. &c. must, if she is at all distinguished in *le beau monde*, study botany, chemistry, mineralogy, chronology, conchology, craniology, and the Lord knows how many *ologies* besides.

But my idea of the power of fashion has led me into a digression which I did not intend to make; my object in writing to you, Mr. Adviser, being in fact to request your assistance in rendering fashionable a new regimen which I mean to introduce for the benefit of married men, whose staunch support I flatter myself with receiving. My regimen is intended solely for the ladies; by conforming to it, the natural disposition will in course of time be either completely changed, or at least very much modified; nor will they find any difficulty in following my prescription, which, in fact, is merely a milk diet: not, however, of the description now used—no, my fair patients must be restricted to the milk of those animals who possess the qualities they are desirous of acquiring: as, for example, if a husband finds his wife sullen, obstinate, or violent, he has only to obtain her consent to live for a certain time on sheep's, hind's, or spaniel's milk, and he will find those faults, if not quite eradicated, at least so much softened as to be very little perceptible.

On the other hand, a husband, whose helpmate happens to be deficient in shrewdness, need not be at the trouble to regulate her conduct, or conceal the blunders which she may occasionally make. If she will only confine herself to fox's milk for a certain period, her natural stupidity will disappear; and if she does not become wise, she will at least possess what is often mistaken for wisdom—cunning.

I have no doubt, Mr. Adviser, that you will see at a glance the essential benefit which mankind must receive from the general adoption of my system, and I hope that the philanthropy which you profess; will induce you to recommend it warmly to your fair readers. I must observe, however, that it is absolutely necessary for such as mean to give it a trial, to consult me before they begin, as every thing depends upon the patient being in a proper state to receive the remedy. In order to prepare for it, I have invented certain pills and powders of sovereign efficacy, after taking which I shall be able

to decide on the quantity of milk necessary for my patient to swallow, as well as the length of time she must persevere in taking it. *Entre nous,* Mr. Adviser, my finances are at present rather deranged; and although my principal object is the public good, yet I see no reason why I should not follow the example of other great projectors, in taking a little care of my own private interest.

Should my plan be honoured with your approbation, I shall be truly happy to exercise my skill gratis upon any of your female relations who may stand in need of my remedy. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

DAVID DRENCHWELL.

As I have all the old-fashioned prejudices against innovation, I must own that the fanciful system of my correspondent does not meet with my approbation. I shall not, however, trouble him with any advice against introducing it, as I conceive that his utmost efforts will not be able to gain for it a fair trial, since its general adoption must depend upon the ladies; and as his patients are to consist only of those who are willing to admit that their natural disposition requires to be changed, or at least modified, I fancy my readers will agree with me, that their number is likely to prove very inconsiderable.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

(Continued from p. 83.)

1760.

June 3. THE Reverend Dean and Chapter of Westminster held a jubilee in commemoration of Queen Elizabeth, who founded Westminster School. They marched in grand procession from the hall to the cathedral, where Purcell's grand *Te Deum* was performed, and a sermon preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Zachary Pearse, Bishop of Rochester, and dean of that cathedral. The figure of that queen in wax was also set up in the abbey.

August 25. The materials of the three following city gates have been sold, before the committee of lands, to Mr. Blagdon, a carpenter in Coleman-street: Aldgate for 157*l.* 10*s.* Cripplegate 91*l.* Ludgate 148*l.* The purchaser is to begin to pull down the two first on the 1st of September, and Ludgate on the 4th, and is to clear away all the rubbish, &c. in two months from those days.

1761.

April 30. A corn-meter's place of this city was sold for 2510*l.*

December 21. The Earl of Bute has presented Winchester College with a bronze statue of their founder, William of Wykeham, supposed to have been done in the fourteenth century.

1762.

June 2. At an auction at Sir Henry Parker's at Talton in Worcestershire, the Seasons by Titian sold for 220*l.*: for this painting 500*l.* had been some time since refused. [*Query,* Who has it now?]

August 13. Died, George Chippendale, in Newgate: he was res-

pited in order to have his leg cut off to try the effect of a new-invented styptic, but as it was not tried, he was pardoned on condition of being transported for life.

1766.

March 26. The coins of Joseph Tilson Lockyer, Esq. sold at Mr. Langford's, at Covent-Garden, at very high prices. A coin of Edward the Black Prince for 25*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* the commonwealth half-crown for 12*l.* and Oliver Cromwell's farthing for 6*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

1767.

June 27. Signior Tenducci renounced the errors of Popery, and embraced the Protestant religion, in Dublin.

1769.

January 2. This day the Royal Academy of Arts was opened, and a general assembly of the academicians was held, when several bye laws and regulations were agreed to for the government of the society; after which the whole assembly adjourned to St. Alban's tavern, where an elegant entertainment was provided, at which were present many of the principal nobility, patrons of the polite arts. An ode suitable to the occasion was performed by the best masters.

April 26. The exhibition of the Royal Academy in Pall-Mall was opened for the first time, and was crowded with people of the first fashion. The encouragement given to this infant institution by royal patronage, is already visible in the works of genius there exhibited.

May 30. Died, Miss Elliot, a favourite dramatic performer. She has left 800*l.* among her poor relations. [Probably this was the sister of the original Maria in *The Citizen*, as the friend of Murphy is reported to have died in great distress in Middlesex Hospital, warning her sister to reform by her ill end: or is this statement to be considered as a total contradiction of that report? I know of but one Miss Elliot a *dramatic* performer.]

30*th.* It is reported that the lady of Mr. Sterne, the ingenious author of *Tristram Shandy*, who was buried at Mary-bone, has been taken up and anatomized by a surgeon at Oxford. That gentleman, though happy in a fertile genius, does not seem to have been happy through life. He lived during the first period of his life in obscurity and poverty, and in the latter part in a state of separation from his wife, who chose rather to retire into a convent in France, with her amiable daughter, than live in England under the daily provocations of an unkind husband; for though the Rev. Mr. Sterne was a great wit, it cannot be said he was a desirable companion for a woman of delicacy. [If she retired to a convent in France, how came she in Mary-bone churchyard?]

June 5. The royal academicians gave an entertainment at their house in Pall-Mall in honour of his majesty's birthday, and in the evening the whole front of the Royal Academy was illuminated with transparent paintings and lamps of various colours. In the centre compartment appeared a graceful female seated, representing Painting surrounded with genii, some of which guided her pencil, whilst others dictated subjects

to her. At her feet were various youths employed in the study of the art; and over her head hovered a celestial form representing Royal Munificence, attended by several other figures, supporting a cornucopia filled with honours and rewards. The whole piece was executed by Mr. Cipriani, R.A. On the left side of the painting, in another compartment, was represented by a female figure, Sculpture, standing upon a rock of marble, holding in one hand an antiquated bust, and in the other a chisel and mallet: this compartment was executed by Mr. West, R.A. On the right side of the painting, in a third compartment, was represented by another female figure, Architecture, in a contemplative attitude, holding in her hand a compass, being surrounded with buildings, and having at her feet the basket and acanthus root, which gave rise to the Corinthian order: this subject was executed by Mr. Dance, R.A. Immediately beyond the centre compartment was a tablet with this inscription: "Royal Academy of Arts instituted 1768;" and upon the tablet was placed a medallion, in which were represented portraits of their Majesties, by Mr. Penny, R.A. The medallion was surrounded with festoons of laurel, roses, and myrtle, interwoven with trophies of arms and attributes of Venus and the Graces, painted by Mr. Richards and Mr. Wale, R.A. and others were enriched with stars and various figures in lamps of different colours. The top of the building was terminated by a large imperial crown, and various pyramids, &c. in lamps of different colours.

(To be continued.)

THE REVENGE.

Shortly before the French revolution broke out in 1789, the Marquis de Moncey, a nobleman of illustrious birth but contracted fortune, had an opportunity of making a very advantageous purchase of some property, but wanting ready money to complete it, he applied to Monsieur Restaud for the loan of a considerable sum.

Restaud was a man of low origin, who had, by a course of honest and persevering industry, acquired an immense fortune; to inherit which he had only one child, a son, at that period about eighten, who was a fine promising young man, and Restaud, who was extremely fond of him, had spared no expense on his education.

The marquis, after opening his business, began to talk of the length of time it would be before he could repay the money, and the security which he proposed giving. "Monsieur marquis," said Restaud interrupting him, "I have a plan to propose, which will, if you chuse to accede to it, entirely obviate all the inconveniencies you must be put to, to repay this sum. But my plan may perhaps bear a little hard upon your pride: if so, monsieur marquis, speak freely; I shall not be less ready to lend you the money."—"What is your plan, my good friend?" said De Moncey.

Restaud now, with some little circumlocution, unfolded it, and De Moncey listened with consider-

able surprise to the proposal of an alliance between his only daughter and the son of Restaud.

The deepest crimson flushed the cheek of the marquis at an offer which he was at first inclined to regard as an insult, but a few minutes' reflection changed his ideas. His property was barely adequate to the support of his rank, and he had three sons and a daughter to provide for. The eldest son would of course inherit his estate; the two others were destined for the army: in case his daughter married young Restaud, it would be easy to secure their promotion, as he knew enough of Restaud's general character, to be certain that he would not be sparing of his gold among his noble relatives. All these considerations enabled him to smooth his ruffled brow, and reply to the honest *bourgeois* with all the address of a courtier.

After professing himself delighted with all he had heard of François, he said, that as he could venture to answer for the consent of the *marquise*, the business might be looked upon as settled; but from the extreme youth of his daughter, he would wish the marriage might be deferred a few months. In the mean time he made no objection to comply with the desire of Restaud, that Mademoiselle de Moncey should be taken from her convent, and introduced to François as her future husband.

It required, however, all his rhetoric to bring his wife over to his opinion, and it was with much difficulty that he gained her consent to an alliance which she looked upon as a disgrace to her family.

As soon, however, as her consent was obtained, Mademoiselle de Moncey was brought home, and the regrets which François had felt at what he considered as a very arbitrary measure, vanished at the first sight of his intended bride. Pauline de Moncey was then just fifteen, and her exquisite beauty might have turned an older head than that of François: but she had stronger attractions than those of mere beauty; her heart was excellent, her temper uncommonly amiable, and with all the simplicity of her age, her talents were of the first order. It is not wonderful that Pauline, brought up as she was in habits of perfect obedience, should look with a favourable eye on her youthful intended, who was in fact as amiable as herself. A short time sufficed to render them deeply enamoured of each other, but, as our immortal bard observes,

"The course of true love never does run smooth."

Almost on the eve of their marriage, the marquis's eldest son was seized with a dangerous illness: their nuptials were of course deferred till he should recover, but week succeeded week and no alteration for the better took place. Meanwhile the troubles which had for some time agitated France, took a very serious turn; the republican faction grew every day stronger, and De Moncey, who was from principle a strict royalist, was shocked and surprised to find, that Restaud openly espoused the opposite party. This difference of opinion soon created a decided animosity between them, and although François kept himself entirely aloof from politics, De Moncey thought his moderation was only a blind to conceal his real

sentiments, and felt assured that he was at heart a republican.

Unfortunately, at this period the young De Moncey died, and this circumstance protracted the union of our lovers for a considerable time. François still continued to visit at the marquis's as the intended husband of Pauline; but he was received by all but herself with a coldness which filled his mind with the most mournful presages.

Unfortunately, they were too soon realized. Mons. St. Amand, a gentleman of distinguished family and affluent fortune, saw and admired Pauline. Her engagement to young Restaud was generally known; but St. Amand was a man of the world; he saw that it would be easy to bring matters to an open rupture between Restaud and the Marquis. He effected this with very little trouble, and immediately made the marquise the most splendid proposals for Pauline.

Madame de Moncey had never been cordially inclined to the match with François, and all her intended son-in-law's good qualities had not conquered the disgust with which his obscure birth inspired her. She gladly seized a trifling pretext to forbid him her house, and to declare, that, in consequence of the behaviour of his father, the projected union between the families was at an end.

Young Restaud did not acquiesce quietly in these new arrangements; he wrote letter after letter, which madame la marquise returned unopened, and he besieged the hotel of De Moncey, who continued deaf to his prayers and supplications, till old Restaud, who was now as averse to the match as De Moncey himself, alarmed at his perseverance, contrived to send him to a considerable distance from Paris on business. His departure was eagerly seized by the marquise, who had procured her husband's consent to the marriage of St. Amand with Pauline, and in spite of the hapless girl's tears and reluctance, she was compelled to give him her hand. A rumour of the intended marriage reached François, and with the speed of lightning he hastened to Paris. The ceremony had been performed the evening before his return, and was not yet generally known. François was aware that he should not gain admission in his own character; he disguised himself in the habit of a peasant, and declaring himself charged with a letter from the steward of De Moncey, which he was ordered to deliver into the marquis's own hand, he was admitted. He flung himself at the feet of the marquis, and with a voice almost choked with emotion, demanded his betrothed bride.

Thus called upon, De Moncey revealed, as gently as he could, the marriage of his daughter; but he more than half repented his having enforced it, when he saw the effect which his intelligence produced upon François.

For some moments the power of speech was denied the unhappy youth, but the livid paleness which stole over his features, and the strong convulsion which shook his frame, proved the conflict within. De Moncey, with an air of commiseration, held out his hand; but François scornfully repulsed it.— "You have then, unnatural father," cried he with vehemence, "de-

stroyed the happiness of your child; you have immolated us both at the shrine of prejudice; but tremble to think, that the hour of retribution may not be far distant! Tremble to think, that the man whose heart you have thus cruelly stabbed, may one day be avenged!"

As he spoke he rushed out of the room, leaving on the mind of the marquis a vague sensation of terror, which he vainly endeavoured to shake off.

St. Amand, who was extremely sanguine, had persuaded De Moncey, that the revolutionary faction would be speedily crushed; but on the contrary, every day augmented its power. Indignant at the insults offered to the king, the two young De Monceys used some unguarded expressions, for which they were arrested and thrown into prison; the unfortunate marquis had a private intimation given him, that their deaths were resolved on, and that flight was the only means to preserve himself and the rest of his family from a similar fate.

After encountering many dangers, the marquis and marquise, with St. Amand and Pauline, landed in England. In the hurry of his escape, he had secured but a small sum: this circumstance, however, did not make him very unhappy, for he still cherished the hope, that his royal master's authority would soon be re-established, and that in a short time he should be able to return to Paris.

St. Amand was less confident; he feared, and justly, that the step they had taken in leaving the country, though one of absolute necessity, would be used to their destruction. His fears were too soon realized; the property of both was seized in the name of the nation. That of St. Amand was purchased by a near relation of his own, who had taken part with the republican faction from the beginning; and the estates of De Moncey were bought by François Restaud, who was now, by the death of his father, become one of the richest men in France.

This news was literally a death-blow to St. Amand, he never held up his head afterwards. Passionately attached to his wife, his conscience reproached him with having been the means of plunging her into poverty and sorrow. De Moncey could not refrain from expressing his grief and indignation at the infamous conduct of François; and St. Amand's knowledge, that he was himself the cause of young Restaud's becoming the possessor of De Moncey's property, was a constant thorn to his heart.

A few months after his arrival in England, St. Amand breathed his last, and his death was soon followed by that of the marquise, who had drooped from the moment she quitted France.

Bitter were the tears shed by De Moncey and his unhappy Pauline over the grave of the unfortunate marquise; but Madame St. Amand had little time for the indulgence of sorrow. The money which her father had brought with him was now exhausted, and but for her incessant efforts to obtain a livelihood with her needle, they must have wanted bread.

The unhappiness of De Moncey was increased by learning, that Restaud had tried every means to discover where he was, and as the threat of vengeance which François had uttered was never forgotten by De Moncey, he conceived that Res-

taud had laid some plan for his destruction; and he changed his lodging for one still more obscure, and assumed another name.

The unhappy marquis seemed destined to drain the cup of sorrow to the very dregs. Nearly five years had passed, and hope, the last comfort of the wretched, was almost extinct in his breast. One day while Pauline was out on business, he heard a voice which he thought he recollected, inquire for Monsieur de Vaux (the name he had assumed); in a few moments his door opened, and François stood before him. Though much altered, De Moncey recollected him instantly. François glanced his eyes round the apartment, and his lips quivered as he surveyed the wretched dwelling of his still beloved Pauline.

"For what purpose, monsieur," said De Moncey haughtily, "do you thus presume to intrude upon me?"

"For a purpose, marquis, which I avowed at our last meeting—the gratification of my revenge."

He closed the door as he spoke, and advanced towards De Moncey, who retreated a few steps. "Is then my ruin insufficient to content you?" cried he: "not satisfied with revelling in my fortune, would you also take my life?"

A deep glow of indignation suffused the wan cheek of François. "Prejudiced and misjudging man," cried he with a disdainful smile, "would that be revenge? Already have you bereft me of happiness; think you that I will add to the misery you have inflicted, by entailing on myself the pangs of endless remorse?"

"Why then," cried De Moncey, "are you here?"

"To shew you I have not forgotten my word; that I have never lost sight of my cherished revenge. I bought your property."

De Moncey replied only by a stifled groan.

"I purchased it for less than a tenth of its value, and by the care I have bestowed upon it, it is now worth considerably more than when I bought it. From the moment I purchased it, I have sought you out, that I might shew you of what the despised and insulted François was capable. The time that has elapsed before I could trace you, has enabled me to do more than I at first hoped to accomplish. There," laying a packet on the table, "is permission from the government for you to return to France, and a deed by which I restore to you that property I purchased only to preserve it for you."

Tears, which De Moncey could no longer repress, burst from his eyes, and as François turned to leave the room, he caught him in his arms.

"Noble, generous Restaud!" cried he, "how have I been mistaken in you! But your gift will be incomplete unless you add to it your forgiveness. I know, I feel I treated you and Pauline cruelly; yet several years of suffering may have atoned my fault!"

François struggled to disengage himself: "Unhand me, marquis; I must begone."

"Not till you have forgiven me—not till you have seen Pauline. You will listen to her thanks, though I dare not offer you mine."

"Pauline! I would not behold her for worlds."

It now first occurred to De Moncey, that it was possible François did not know Madame St. Amand was a widow.

"Restaud," cried he, "if you are free, there is no obstacle to your seeing Pauline. The hand of Heaven has broken those vows that my poor girl was forced to pledge, and Pauline may yet pay her father's debt of gratitude."

I have no words to describe the transports of the faithful François, who a few minutes afterwards pressed his still adored mistress to his heart.

De Moncey was all eagerness to have their nuptials solemnized, and as soon as the ceremony was performed, he insisted upon returning the deed of gift which his son-in-law had given him. It was in vain François declared that he was already rich enough, De Moncey protested he should believe he had not forgiven his former conduct unless he accepted it.

"But, dearest father," cried Pauline, "you must not be dependant upon us."

"And why should I not, my child?" said the happy old man. "Will the rich Madame Restaud be less attentive to her father's comforts than the poor Pauline, who supported him by the labour of her hands? or will François, who unconditionally restored my whole property to me, deny me an asylum under his roof? You must indulge your father, my children; it is the last time he will insist on being obeyed."

The wish of De Moncey was cheerfully complied with by his son and daughter. They soon afterwards returned to France. De Moncey lived many years to witness the happiness of his children, who had a numerous and lovely family; nor had he ever the smallest reason to regret the confidence he had placed in his son and daughter, whose filial love and reverence continued unabated to the last moment of his existence.

THE PLAY AT VENICE.

Some years since, a German prince making a tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was the close of summer; the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely, the Venetian women in the full enjoyment of those delicious spirits that in their climate rise and fall with the coming and the departure of this finest season of the year. Every day was given by the illustrious stranger to researches among the records and antiquities of this singular city, and every night to parties on the Brenta or the sea. As the morning was nigh, it was the custom to return from the water to sup at some of the palaces of the nobility. In the commencement of his intercourse, all national distinctions were carefully suppressed; but as his intimacy increased, he was forced to see the lurking vanity of the Italian breaking out. One of its most frequent exhibitions was in the little dramas that wound up those stately festivities. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast of the Italian and

the German, some slight aspersion on Teutonic rudeness, some remark on the history of a people untouched by the elegance of Southern manners. The sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offence softened by its humour. It was obvious that the only retaliation must be humorous. At length the prince, on the point of taking leave, invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. He drew the conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italian, and above all of the Venetian, acknowledged the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity upon a country to which so little of its gratitude must be due. "But, my lords," said he rising, "we are an emulous people, and an example like yours cannot be lost even upon a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give one of our country, if you will condescend to follow me to the great hall." The company rose and followed him through the splendid suite of a Venetian villa, to the hall, which was fitted up as a German barn. The aspect of the theatre produced first surprise, and next an universal smile. It had no resemblance to the gilded and sculptured interior of their own sumptuous little theatres. However, it was only so much the more Teutonic. The curtain drew up. The surprise rose into loud laughter, even among the Venetians, who have been seldom betrayed into any thing beyond a smile for generations together. The stage was a temporary erection, rude and uneven. The scenes represented a wretched and irregular street, scarcely lighted by a few twinkling lamps, and looking the fit haunt of robbery and assassination. On a narrower view, some of the noble spectators began to think it had a kind of resemblance to an Italian street, and some actually discovered in it one of the leading streets of their own famous city. But the play was on a German story, they were under a German roof. The street was, notwithstanding its ill-omened similitude, of course German. The street was solitary. At length a traveller, a German, with pistols in a belt round his waist, and apparently exhausted by his journey, came heavily pacing along. He knocked at several of the doors, but could obtain no admission. He then wrapped himself up in his cloak, sat down upon a fragment of a monument, and soliloquized.— "Well, here have I come, and this is my reception. All palaces, no inns; all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can lie down in comfort or in safety. Well, it cannot be helped. A German does not much care, campaigning has hardened effeminacy among us. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, dangers of war and the roads, are not very formidable after what we have had to work through from father to son. Loneliness, however, is not so well, unless a man can labour or read. Read, that's true—come out, Zimmerman." He drew a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to a decaying lamp, and soon seemed absorbed. He had till now been the only object. An-

other soon shared the eyes of the spectators. A long, light figure came with a kind of visionary movement from behind the monument, surveyed the traveller with keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment to his words, and in another moment had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular being wandered rapidly over the page, and when it was turned they were lifted up to Heaven with the strongest expression of wonder. The German was weary, his head soon drooped over his study, and he closed the book. —"What," said he, rising and stretching his limbs, "is there no one stirring in this comfortless place? Is it not near day?" He took out his repeater, and touched the pendant; it struck four. His mysterious attendant had watched him narrowly; the repeater was traversed over with an eager gaze, but when it struck, delight was mingled with the wonder that had till then filled his pale intelligent countenance. "Four o'clock," said the German. "In my country, half the world would be thinking of going to the day's work by this time. In another hour it will be sunrise. Well then, I'll do you a service, you nation of sleepers, and make you open your eyes." He drew out one of his pistols, and fired it. The attendant form, still hovering behind him, had looked curiously upon the pistol, but on its going off, started back in terror, and with a loud cry, that made the traveller turn—"Who are you?" was his greeting to this strange intruder.—"I will not hurt you," was the answer.—"Who cares about that?" was the German's retort, and he pulled out the other pistol.—"My friend," said the figure, "even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot reach me now. But if you would know who I am, let me entreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment. You seem a man of extraordinary powers."—"Well then," said the German in a gentler tone, "if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you information; it is the custom of our country to deny nothing to those who will love or learn."--The former sighed deeply, and murmured, "And yet you are a Teuton! But you were just reading a little case of strange and yet most interesting figures: was it a manuscript?"—"No, it was a printed book!"

"Printed, what is printing? I never heard but of writing."

"It is an art by which one man can give to the world in one day as much as three hundred could give by writing, and in a character of superior clearness, correctness, and beauty; one by which books are made universal and literature eternal."

"Admirable, glorious art!" said the inquirer; "who was its illustrious inventor?"

"A German!"

"But another question. I saw you look at a most curious instrument traced with figures; it sparkled with diamonds, but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with miraculous exactness, and the strokes were followed by tones superior to the sweetest music of my day."

"That was a repeater!"

"How, when I had the luxuries

of the earth at my command, I had nothing to tell the hour better than the clepsydra and the sun-dial. But this must be incomparable from its facility of being carried about, from its suitableness to all hours, from its exactness. It must be an admirable guide even to higher knowledge. All depends upon the exactness of time. It may assist navigation, astronomy. What an invention! whose was it? he must be more than man."

"He was a German!"

"What, still a barbarian! I remember his nation. I once saw an auxiliary legion of them marching towards Rome. They were a bold and brave blue-eyed troop. The whole city poured out to see those Northern warriors, but we looked on them only as gallant savages. I have one more question, the most interesting of all. I saw you raise your hand with a small truncheon in it; in a moment something rushed out, that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come by your command? Was that truncheon a talisman, and are you a mighty magician? Was that truncheon a sceptre commanding the elements? Are you a god?"

The strange inquirer had drawn back gradually as his feelings rose. Curiosity was now solemn wonder, and he stood gazing upward in an attitude that mingled awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself as he looked on the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn. There was a single hue of pale grey in the east that touched its visage with a chill light; the moon resting broadly on the horizon, was setting behind; the figure seemed as if it was standing in the orb. Its arms were lifted towards heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the mild splendour of a vision. But the German, habituated to the vicissitudes of "perils by flood and field," shook off his brief alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of his miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder. "It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man for either good or ill," said the form. "How much it must change the nature of war! how much it must influence the fates of nations! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the people of the earth?"

"A German!"

The form seemed suddenly to enlarge, its feebleness of voice was gone, its attitude was irresistibly noble. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as made to persuade and command. Its outer robe had been flung away; it now stood with an antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurel, dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the Genius of Eloquence. "Stranger," said it, pointing to the Appennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "eighteen hundred years have passed away since I was the glory of all beyond those mountains. Eighteen hundred years

have passed into the great flood of eternity since I entered Rome in triumph, and was honoured as the leading mind of the great intellec tual empire of the world. But I knew nothing of those things. I was a child to you; we were all children to the discoverers of those glorious potencies. But has Italy not been still the mistress of mind? She was then first of the first; has she not kept her superiority? Shew me her noble inventions. I must soon sink from the earth—let me learn still to love my country."

The listener started back: "Who, what are you?"—"I am a spirit. I was Cicero. Shew me, by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind."

The German looked embarrassed; but in a moment after, he heard the sound of a pipe and tabor. He pointed in silence to the narrow street from which the interruption came. A ragged figure tottered out with a barrel-organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdygurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train. Cicero uttered but one sigh—"Is this Italy?" The German bowed his head. The showman began his cry--"Raree-show, fine raree-show against de wall! Fine Madame Catarina dance upon de ground! Who come for de gallantee show?" The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian capered round them. Cicero raised his broad gaze to heaven: "These the men of my country—these the orators, the poets, the patriots of mankind! What scorn and curse of Providence can have fallen upon them?" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes; the first sunbeam struck across the spot where he stood, a purple mist rose round him, and he was gone!

* * * * * *

The Venetians, with one accord, started from their seats, and rushed out of the hall. The prince and his suite had previously arranged every thing for leaving the city, and they were beyond the Venetian territory by sunrise. Another night in Venice, and they would have been on their way to the other world.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXI.

> The Graces next did carefully provide
> Breeding, and air, and wit, and decent pride;
> And what could any woman want beside?——SWIFT.

I HAVE somewhere read, if my memory does not fail me, that the true art of being agreeable in society (though I think it should not be considered as an *art*), is, to appear well pleased with those in whose company you happen to find yourself, and rather to appear to receive entertainment from others than to be endeavouring to entertain them yourself. A person thus disposed may not, indeed, be what is called a good companion; but though he essentially deserves that character, and in his conversation and behaviour manifests such an appearance of friendly disposition, he does more, I think, to create attention and conciliate regard, than is to be obtained by the flashes

of wit, or the never-failing flow of colloquial vivacity. The feebleness of age, in a person of this turn, has something in it which should be treated with respect even in a character which is not, in other respects, entitled to particular veneration. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity and not insolence, has a claim to indulgence. But to be perfectly agreeable in social life, the appearance to be adopted is, to receive the law from, and not to give it to, the circles into which you are admitted.

Civility and good-breeding are generally thought, and often used, as synonymous terms, though this is by no means the right acceptation of those terms. Good-breeding necessarily implies civility, which is an essential part of it; but the latter may certainly be exercised, as it is frequently to be found, without the former. Civility must be allowed to have its intrinsic weight and value, but good-breeding is essential to its decoration, and never fails to give it a very augmented value.

To make the sacrifice of our own self-love to that of other people, is a brief, but, I believe, a correct definition of what is understood by civility; but to do it with ease, grace, and propriety, fulfils the notion of good-breeding. The one is the result of unadorned good-nature; the other proceeds from good sense, joined to experience, observation, and attention. A person in an inferior condition of life may be civil if he possesses good-nature; while one who has been educated in a court, though without good-nature, if he be but possessed of good sense, a quality which, as far as relates to their own views and interests, courtiers seldom fail to attain, will be a well-bred man.

Flattery is the disgrace of good-breeding, though it is too often taken for it, as a coarse, blunt behaviour degrades truth and sincerity. Good-breeding seems to occupy a middle space between these odious extremes. Needless ceremony has been well said to be the superstition of good-breeding, as well as of religion; but, nevertheless, being an outwork to both, should not be altogether demolished: nay, on the contrary, it requires a certain degree of compliance, and never fails to be practised by those who live in the superior ranks, however varied, of social life.

This quality is, indeed, only to be acquired by great knowledge of the world, and associating with those whose habits and manners have received the polish of superior education. It is not a mere object of speculation, and is not capable of precise definition, as it consists of a fitness, a propriety of words, actions, and even looks, adapted to the ever-varying combinations of persons, places, and things. It must be considered, if I may venture to be so philosophical in my expressions, as a *mode*, and not as a *substance*; for what is universally acknowledged to be good-breeding at St. James's, would be considered as foppery in the mansion-house of a little squire in the country, whose plain homespun civility would be considered almost as rudeness at court.

The comparison is by no means overstrained, when good-breeding

is said, like charity, to cover a multitude of faults: at least, without fear of contradiction, it may be represented as supplying the want of certain virtues. In the common intercourse of life it assumes the appearance of good-nature, and often performs a task which the latter is never disposed to undertake: it keeps flippant wits and forward fools within those bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to transgress, and which the latter have not learned duly to appreciate.

Courts are unquestionably the places where this quality is invariably, and indeed necessarily found, for without it they would be haunted with violence and disorder. There the passions are in the highest state of fermentation. All pursue what but few can obtain, and many seek what but one can enjoy. There good-breeding alone restrains the excesses which would proceed from the unrestrained impulses of envy, jealousy, and the rivalry of ambition. There smiles are often assumed to conceal tears. There mutual services are professed, while mutual injuries are meditated ; and there the guile of the serpent too often clothes itself in the meekness of the dove. Sincerity, indeed, may be sacrificed by this exterior demeanour, but social harmony and good order are preserved by it.

But I would not, nay, I trust I cannot, be so far misunderstood, as to have it imagined that I profess to applaud good-breeding thus profaned and prostituted; but my inference is, and I wish strongly to enforce it, in how great a degree this accomplishment must adorn and strengthen virtue and truth, when it can thus soften the outrages and deformity of vice and falsehood.

It were to be wished that good-breeding were in general thought a more essential part of the education of our youth, especially of distinction, than at present it seems to be. It might even be substituted in the room of some academical studies that take up a great deal of time to very little purpose; or, at least, it might usefully share some of those many hours that are so idly and unprofitably employed in amusements which are not suited to the character of persons, whose situation and rank in life qualify them to become examples to others.

It is with concern I observe, that it is the fashion of our young men to brand genuine good-breeding with the name of ceremony and formality, and to run into the contrary extreme of offensive freedom and careless inattention. Let any one with this idea walk up and down Bond-street any day between two and four, and he will see too many examples among the gay and idle loungers in that fashionable promenade. Nor can there be a greater proof of the evil of which I complain, and a great evil I consider the habitual breach of good manners, than the inattention to women, which is so generally felt by them, and has absolutely made a change in the exterior conduct of female life, by a familiarity with the other sex, and an unguarded tone of conversation, which our grandmothers would have considered as inadmissible in reputable society.

Love and friendship necessarily

produce, and justly authorize, familiarity; but then good-breeding must determine its bounds. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further;" for I have known many a passion and many a friendship brought into a state of degradation, and not only weakened, but, if I may use the expression, at length wholly flattered away by unguarded and unreflecting familiarity. Nor is this quality less the ornament and cement of social life in all its various degrees, where it may be required. It connects, it endears; and at the same time that it indulges a proper and becoming liberty of conduct, restrains that inconsiderate and, I had almost said, licentious conversation, which tends to alienate regard, and may, on certain occasions, provoke resentment.—Great talents give celebrity, superior merit creates respect, and uncommon learning begets reverence; but those amiable manners, which it has been the object of this paper, however imperfectly, to describe, encourage, and applaud, can alone ensure estimation and affectionate regards.

I most warmly and urgently recommend it to the consideration and cultivation of my own sex, as the most attractive ornament to such of them as possess beauty, and the most certain protection for those who have it not. It facilitates the victories, decorates the triumphs, and secures the conquest of beauty, and never fails to atone for the want of it. It elevates, in the highest possible degree, a fine woman, and procures a warm and respectful esteem at least to those on whom nature has not bestowed those charms which command admiration.

Upon the whole, though good-breeding cannot be altogether considered as a superior feature of the human character, it may certainly be admitted to a high rank among the minor virtues. Indeed, it is productive of so many pleasing effects, that I am not afraid to venture the opinion of its being treated with injustice, if it should be considered as a mere personal accomplishment.

F—— T——.

A few thoughts upon a subject, in some degree connected with that which this paper has just offered to my readers, will not, I trust, be considered as an inappropriate conclusion of it. They were sent me by a lady of my acquaintance, who, I believe, from mere modesty, represents them as proceeding from the pen of her husband, a learned divine and most amiable man; though I believe, for several reasons which it is not necessary for me to communicate, that they proceeded from her own.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Millennium-Hall.

Madam,

There does not appear to be any word in our language to answer the expression which the French understand by *les mœurs*. *Manners* falls short of it, and *morals* seems to go beyond it. Perhaps I may venture upon the following definition: "A general exterior decency, fitness, and propriety of conduct in the common intercourse of life." The word *decorum* will probably answer my purpose, as a proper and intelligible title to the few observations which I am about to make.

I have somewhere met with a calculation as to the value of this quality, and the strict attention to the observance of it. My memory may not be perfectly correct as to the numbers, and I certainly cannot enter upon the progress of the calculator's numerical arrangements; but the impression remains upon my mind, that he considered *decorum* as equal to a profit of fourteen or fifteen per cent. in the general transactions of life; and that by the strict adoption of it, the man of pleasure or of business, the politician or the courtier, the master of a family or even his servants, might not only increase the value of their good qualities, or throw a veil over their bad ones, to the amount already mentioned.

This decorum extends to every circumstance of life, even to the most trifling offices of it: such as appearing to take a tender and affectionate part in the health and fortune of your acquaintance, and demonstrating a readiness and alacrity to serve them in things of little consequence to them, and of little or none to you. Such attentions bring in good interest: the weak and the ignorant mistake them for the real sentiments of your heart, and procure you their esteem and friendship in return, which is a profitable barter for mere exterior attention. The more knowing part of mankind may perhaps pay you in your own coin, or by an interchange of commodities of no more than equal value, upon which, however, there is no loss; so that, upon the whole, this commerce, if well managed, must possess a lucrative character.

I could very much enlarge upon this subject, as applying to every situation and rank in life. Human nature in its various forms, and occupations in their extensive objects, suggest to me the advantages which cannot fail to arise from an attentive practice of decorum; but knowing how small a space you can allow to such correspondents as myself, I looked no further to your indulgence than to be allowed to furnish a few hints, which you, or some of your more experienced friends, might enlarge, by their impressive recommendation of a mode of conduct, which seems to be daily sinking in the public estimation.

I beg leave more particularly to represent to young unmarried ladies, that *decorum* will make a difference of at least twenty-five per cent. in their fortunes. The fine young men who have more generally the honour of attending them, are not frequently of the marrying kind of gentry; they know them too little, or not enough, to think of marrying them. On the contrary, the husbandlike sort of men, who have good estates, and not having got the better of vulgar prejudices, lay some stress upon the marriageable qualities and domestic characters of any lady they might feel a disposition to lead to the altar of Hymen: these are alone to be caught (and, after all, they are the only ones worth catching), by that appearance of which I have endeavoured, and I hope not without success, to give a clear and intelligible description. On these occasions the naked hook will not do it; it must be baited with decorum.

These hints may be applied to

other, and indeed almost all the circumstances of life; and I recommend them to the consideration of that sex, to which you principally, honourably, and I trust successfully, devote your labours. I am, with great regard, my dear madam, your obliged humble servant,

ELIZABETH OUTSIDE.

HINTS TO THE ENGLISH WHO INTEND TO TRAVEL ON THE CONTINENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

HAVING just returned from a tour through France, Switzerland, and Germany, I have with grief observed, that my countrymen, who formerly bore the character of liberal and generous men, and commanded the first attention at inns, are now unwelcome guests, and frequently require the interference of a magistrate to settle their account, which they resist on the ground of a supposed imposition. Indeed, I am sorry to say, that in some of the inns in Germany papers are stuck up, printed in large characters--NO ACCOMMODATION HERE FOR ENGLISHMEN. On investigating the cause of all this, I find the result as follows: Previous to the French revolution, when our English nobility and gentry travelled the Continent, every thing was then very cheap in comparison with England, less perhaps than one-half; but since the conclusion of a long revolutionary war, and several years' bad harvest, and the total failure of wine for three or four years, the price of provisions, and every thing else, has risen to such a pitch, that you can now live in many parts of England cheaper than is done on the Continent: posting, and shoes and boots, are the only articles that are cheap. The high price of oats and hay has, however, made travelling very disagreeable; on that account the postmasters are half ruined, their horses miserable, and you can frequently travel only three miles an hour, and often cannot get horses at all. I have several times been obliged to hire horses, and pay exorbitant prices for them, as they are not regulated by government; but between the two evils I chose this, rather than to wait, Heaven knows how long, for post-horses. All this induces the English to believe that they are tricked and imposed upon; but on a strict inquiry, I found that the natives themselves are subject to all this supposed imposition. I have obtained the sight of many bills and accounts of other travellers, not English, and found their charges just the same as ours in most inns. In that part of Germany I have travelled, which lay from Basle to Cologne, a large book is brought, with the items of your account entered therein, and receipted as you pay; and here you have the best opportunity of referring to other travellers' accounts.

There is, however, one great blunder that my countrymen commit. The *table d'hôtes* are served with excellent dinners, and comparatively cheap, on account of the great number that sit down; its cheap price also serves as an invi-

tation to the inn; and I should suppose at this moment many innkeepers lose money by this entertainment: but because the hour for the *table d'hôte* is generally at one o'clock, Englishmen will not partake of it on account of its early hour, and sit down to a separate dinner provided on purpose, which is not half as good, and requires a double charge.

I heard of an English family on the Rhine, consisting of ten persons, servants included, kicking up a riot for paying two *Louis d'ors* for a breakfast *à la fourchette*, and which was only complied with by order of the magistrate: but when I heard that the best old hock had been called for at 7s. or 8s. per bottle, I exclaimed, "How cheap!" You will perhaps say wine at 7s. or 8s. per bottle in a wine-country must be an imposition: in answer to this, my fellow-traveller, who is an amateur of good old hock, has ordered a cask to be sent him to England at that price; and as the price arises principally from its particular vintage, locality, and age, it is no uncommon thing to hear persons call out after dinner for a bottle of Johannisberger at one ducat, about 10s.

I have troubled you with this epistle for the information and benefit of English travellers; advising, at the same time, those who intend going on the Continent for economy, to stay at home, and enjoy the true comfort of old England, of which not even the word or sense is to be found after you have passed the straits of Calais. I have met and fallen in with several English families that had exiled themselves abroad at a great expense, and left all their friends and society behind, on account of economy; but, to their sorrow, they found out the mistake too late, and are watching the first opportunity to get rid of their establishments, and return to their happy native country, from which they never mean to stray again.

AN IMPARTIAL TRAVELLER.

TEMPLE, August 2, 1817.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Three grand Marches for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, composed by F. Ries. Book II. Pr. 5s.

THE first of these marches, which is the most considerable and elaborate, is in the key of E b major, the second in C minor, and the third in B b major. They are all distinguished by originality of melody, an amplitude of rich harmony, and a nervous energetic style; characteristic features of most of Mr. Ries's compositions, and particularly of his marches, a fine specimen of which we noticed in No. 63. of the First Series of this Miscellany; viz. Mr. Ries's grand Triumphal March, to the style of which the marches before us bear a strong similitude. Their execution will upon the whole not be found difficult, although great attention to time, and to nervous and determined expression, is obviously required.

Trio for three Performers on one Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the Misses Henrietta, Fanny, and Mary-Ann Mather, by Cip. Potter. Pr. 4s.

As *three* performers on one pianoforte may be deemed rather an un-

usual exhibition, we think it right to state, that in this trio the player on the left wing employs both his hands; the same is the case with the centre; and, on the right, one hand only is admitted, if withal there be room; for a trial on our part turned out rather unsuccessful, from want of sufficient elbow-room; and engendered divers arguments on space, which much interfered with the satisfactory execution of the pentachiric manœuvres required by Mr. Potter's labour. We consoled ourselves with the idea, that the piece was not written for matured corpulency, and fancied the delightful spectacle of beholding three delicate youthful forms, three Graces, devoting their diminutive snowy hands to the task in vain attempted by grosser means. From what we could, however, achieve, even in our mutual state of bodily confinement, and from a subsequent examination of this trio, we feel warranted in asserting, that, if properly executed, this composition will repay any exertion which may be made in its performance. The march is spirited and satisfactory throughout; and the rondo possesses, besides an agreeable theme, various interesting passages of digression, which, to use a common phrase, tell well, without being difficult.

Second Divertimento for the Harp, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad libitum), composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Somerset, by Ph. Meyer, jun. Pr. 4s.

This divertimento, like most of Mr. Meyer's compositions, maintains the happy and difficult mean between affected bombast and triviality. The siciliana which begins the divertimento is a chaste, plaintive movement in C minor, interrupted by a major part, the melodious strains of which operate in pleasing contrast. The arpeggio passages, *p.* 2, are tastefully devised, and the same praise is due to the variation of the minor, *p.* 3.—The second movement is completely in the style of Haydn's minuets, and does the highest credit to the author, as well as to the classic model upon which it is formed; without, however, being liable to the slightest imputation of plagiarism, or servile imitation.—The minuet is Mr. Meyer's own, from beginning to end, and must raise him in the estimation of every lover of the art. Care ought to be taken not to play it too slowly; and on this account we regret, not to see the time marked by Maelzel's metronome.

"The Arab Youth," a favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Salmon, composed by Thos. Attwood; *the words by R. Hamilton, Esq.* Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this little air in B b is chaste, and the harmony neatly constructed. The expression at "Soon a nobler foe he dares," &c. is highly appropriate; and we approve of the manner in which the strain is made to close in D major. The accompaniment of the second line, *p.* 3, has also our unqualified applause. We have observed two typographical errors: The first quaver in the bass of *bar* 2, *l.* 2, *p.* 2, should be B b, instead of A; and the second quaver in the vocal part of *bar* 2, *l.* 3, *p.* 3, should be C, instead of B b.—An awkward harmony occurs

bar 5, *l.* 3, *p.* 2, where the chord of G 3 ♭ is followed by F 3.

No. I. *Easy Duet for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced a Swedish popular Dance, composed, and dedicated to Miss Bloxam*, by C. L. Lithander. Op. 7. Pr. 2s.

A most elegant little duet in C major; so void of all practical difficulty, that it may without fear be placed on the desk of any pupil who has made his way through the first rudiments. It consists of a brief but very neat allegro, and a Swedish dance, the peculiarity of whose melody and rhythm proclaims its originality, and renders it particularly attractive. Two pretty little variations upon the dance theme further enhance the interest; and the running bass of the second is cleverly contrived, with the exception of the beginning of the second strain, where some harshness has crept into the harmony, the progression being through the chords C; A, ♯ G 7, A; ♮ G 7.

The thirty-first Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed by Ferd. Ries. Op. 45. Pr. 3s. 6d.

An allegro in A minor, and a rondo in the same major key, are the only movements in this sonata, which, although replete with interesting and in some instances excellent ideas, affords proof that the author's style and manner have acquired no inconsiderable improvement since the composition of this work. The theme of the allegro may justly claim the merit of decided originality, especially where it is allotted to the bass, under some bold harmonic combinations. The dolce in both the strains, with the application of crossed hands, presents a beautiful singing melody; and in the beginning of the second strain we observe a string of profound, if not ventured, modulations. The rondo allegretto also sets out with a subject, the singularity of which, however simple, is obviously striking. Among its meritorious features, we reckon the neat manner in which the subject is reintroduced *p.* 8, *l.* 4, and *p.* 9, *l.* 3.

Second Fantasia for the Piano-Forte, the Themes by Mozart, from the Opera "Le Nozze di Figaro," composed, and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Harvey, by Ferd. Ries. Op. 77. No. II. Pr. 4s.

This fantasia differs in plan from the fantasia noticed in our last number. Both are deduced from the opera of *Figaro*; but in No. 1. a variety of detached subjects are skilfully linked and interwoven: whereas in the book before us, the air "Se vuol' ballare, Signor Contino," forms the basis of the whole work; viz. an introductory allegro, in which that theme is ably moulded into $\frac{4}{4}$, from the original $\frac{3}{4}$ time; and the theme itself with a number of successive variations. The allegro is an excellent movement, and several of the variations are of the most select cast; such as No. 2. rendered interesting by the peculiarity of style and its full harmony. No. 4. is equally beautiful; it combines originality of invention with scientific treatment, especially as to bass accompaniment. Var. 7. is a charming slow movement, and exhibits some fine chromatic touches; we particularly applaud the latter part. The march, *p.* 9, is also ingeniously constructed.

No. XXI. *Theme with Variations for the Piano-Forte and Harp, with Accompaniments for a Flute and Violoncello, composed, and inscribed to Miss Milton,* by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.

The theme chosen for this number of Mr. Mazzinghi's Series of Variations for the Piano-Forte and Harp, occurs in the opera of "John of Paris," and, if we are not mistaken, is a dance of foreign origin, of the Monfrina kind. The variations are alternately assigned to the piano-forte and harp, but may be executed by the piano-forte alone, in consequence of *leger* staves added to the score. They shew throughout, the facility of invention and the consummate experience of the author, to whose indefatigable and tasteful pen the musical public of this country owes so many of the most interesting stock-pieces in the various departments of the art.

Select Melodies, with Variations for the Flute and Piano-Forte, composed by C. Nicholson and J. F. Burrowes. No. I. Pr. 3s.

The flute part of this publication is stated to be the production of Mr. Nicholson, and that of the piano-forte is by Mr. Burrowes. This species of compositorial copartnership is somewhat unusual, and has its advantages and disadvantages. On the one hand, as is the case here, it admits the united experience and skill of writers for different instruments; but, on the other, it stands in the way of proper unity of plan in the conduct of the harmony: it is like a landscape, in which the cottages and buildings are by one hand, and the trees by another, if not worse. Both composers cannot write simultaneously; a reciprocal adaptation and imitation of each other's ideas are the result of this, and we lose that most essential requisite of good music, which demands that melody and harmony should be twin-sisters, engendered simultaneously in the mind of the composer, who ought not to be able to think of a phrase without hearing, as it were, its whole harmony vibrate within him. In giving this general opinion, we are in justice bound to own, that the manner in which Messrs. N. and B. have executed their difficult task, has caused to us an agreeable surprise; their duet scarcely offers a trace of its bipartite origin, and almost acts in refutation of our general remark. The two instruments, whether simultaneously employed in direct or counter motion, or acting in imitative responses, are ever found in that intimate and reciprocal combination which tends to produce the effect of unity. The theme chosen is Mr. Braham's air, "Is there a heart that never loved;" and the variations built upon it (in which both instruments are *obbligati)* are devised in the best taste. It would be difficult to assign the preference to any one. The adagio, however, var. 4. deserves distinct notice; it is of the most delicate and pathetic expression.

"*That roguish Boy of Venus fair,*" *written by G. W.; composed, and dedicated to Miss Miller,* by W. Grosse. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A graceful flow of melody, free from triviality, together with the peculiar time ($\frac{12}{8}$) in which it is

expressed, renders this a fascinating little ballad; which is further enhanced by the few bars of concluding symphony, conceived in a sprightly and rather unusual style. The poetry is somewhat homely, and the word "awakened" has fallen under an awkward musical accentuation.

"*The Invitation*," *written, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Rose Dupont*, by W. Grosse. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Another erotic effusion by the above author; the simple and unaffected melody of which is agreeable and appropriate, although not conspicuous for originality. Mr. G. has exhibited it here both as a single song and as a duet, in which latter form the tune appears to considerable advantage.

"*On the Brow of yonder Valley*," *a favourite Romance, written and composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, and with permission most respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Salmon*, by W. Grosse. Pr. 2s.

There is considerable elegance and pathetic expression in this air, all of which, however, cannot be considered as the invention of Mr. G. for we remember to have heard several of the ideas in a German song of Himmel's, called, we believe, "Hebe, sieh in sanfter Feyer." Their appearance here, may be the effect of involuntary reminiscence; but even the unintentional or unconscious transfer of literary property, cannot operate as a justification before the tribunal of the critic or the public.

Le Jour de Fête, Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss M. A. Cumberlege, by W. H. Steil. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In this rondo, the subject of which strongly reminds us of a similar movement of Steibelt's, we perceive nothing but what fairly claims our approbation. The different ideas follow each other in proper succession and connection; the passages, numerous and accelerated as they are, offer no intricacy of execution; and the harmony is satisfactory. For these reasons we deem Mr. S.'s present labour a very apt practice for pupils of moderate attainments.

A Voluntary for the Organ, in a familiar Style, suited to Church-Service, composed and selected by S. F. Rimbault. No. V. Op. 5. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The two slow movements, and the fugue between them, deserve the attention of the lovers of sacred music: the former are solemn and interesting in point of harmony, especially as far as regards the running bass in the first; and the fugue, although confined to two parts, is constructed in a regular and proper manner, and satisfactory throughout. We consider this one of the best numbers of Mr. R.'s collection, and only regret that he has not informed us what portion of it is his own composition, and what selection.

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EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION OF THE HON. COLONEL PONSONBY.

(From MUDFORD's "*Historical Account of the Battle of Waterloo.*")

AMONG the examples of intense suffering and miraculous escape which the eventful history of this day disclosed, there is not one more calculated to excite our sympathy than the case of the Hon. Colonel Ponsonby of the 12th dragoons. I have been favoured with an account drawn up by a friend of that gallant officer, to satisfy the painful curiosity of his family, taken almost literally from his own words; an account equally remarkable for its affecting simplicity and moral reflection. If the reader peruse it with the same emotions I have experienced, he will be thankful for its introduction, and rejoice with me, that, notwithstanding his many perils, Colonel Ponsonby still survives for his country and his friends.

Dear Lady BESBOROUGH,

You have often wished for some written account of the adventures and sufferings of your son, Colonel Ponsonby, in the field of Waterloo: the modesty of his nature is, however, no small obstacle in the way. Will the following imperfect sketch supply its place until it comes? The battle was alluded to one morning in the library at A——, and his answers to many of the questions which were put to him, are here thrown together, as nearly as I could remember, in his own words.

"The weather cleared up at noon, and the sun shone out a little just as the battle began. The armies were within eight hundred yards of each other, the vedettes, before they were withdrawn, being so near as to be able to converse. At one moment I imagined that I saw Bonaparte, a considerable staff moving rapidly along the front of our line.

"I was stationed with my regiment (about 300 strong) at the extreme of the left wing, and directed to act discretionally: each of the armies was drawn up on a gentle declivity, a small valley lying between them.

"At one o'clock, observing, as I thought, unsteadiness in a column of French infantry (50 by 20—1000—or thereabouts), which were advancing with an irregular fire, I resolved to charge them. As we were descending in a gallop, we received from our own troops on the right a fire much more destructive than theirs, they having begun long before it could take effect, and slackening as we drew nearer: when we were within fifty paces of them, they turned, and much execution was done among them, as we were followed by some Belgians, who had remarked our success.

"But we had no sooner passed

through them, than we were attacked in our turn, before we could form, by about 300 Polish lancers, who had come down to their relief. The French artillery poured in among us a heavy fire of grapeshot, which, however, for one of our men killed three of their own: in the *mêlée* I was disabled almost instantly in both of my arms, and followed by a few of my men, who were presently cut down (no quarter being asked or given), I was carried on by my horse, till receiving a blow on my head from a sabre, I was thrown senseless on my face to the ground. Recovering, I raised myself a little to look round (being, I believe, at that time in a condition to get up and run away), when a lancer passing by, exclaimed, 'Tu n'es pas mort, coquin!' and struck his lance through my back; my head dropped, the blood gushed into my mouth, a difficulty of breathing came on, and I thought all was over.

"Not long afterwards (it was then impossible to measure time, but I must have fallen in less than ten minutes after the charge,) a tirailleur came up to plunder me, threatening to take my life. I told him that he might search me, directing him to a small side-pocket, in which he found three dollars, being all I had; he unloosed my stock and tore open my waistcoat, then leaving me in a very uneasy posture; and was no sooner gone, than another came up for the same purpose, but assuring him that I had been plundered already, he left me; when an officer, bringing on some troops (to which probably the tirailleurs belonged), and halting where I lay, stooped down and addressed me, saying, he feared I was badly wounded. I replied that I was, and expressed a wish to be removed into the rear: he said it was against the order to remove even their own men, but that if they gained the day, as they probably would (for he understood the Duke of Wellington was killed, and that six of our battalions had surrendered), every attention in his power should be shewn me. I complained of thirst, and he held his brandy-bottle to my lips, directing one of his men to lay me straight on my side, and place a knapsack under my head: he then passed on into the action, and I shall never know to whose generosity I was indebted, as I conceive, for my life—of what rank he was I cannot say, he wore a blue great-coat. By and by another tirailleur came, and knelt and fired over me, loading and firing many times, and conversing with great gaiety all the while; at last he ran off, saying, 'Vous serez bien aise d'entendre que nous allons nous retirer; bon jour, mon ami.'

"While the battle continued in that part, several of the wounded men and dead bodies near me were hit with the balls which came very thick in that place. Towards evening, when the Prussians came, the continued roar of the cannon along their's and the British line, growing louder and louder as they drew near, was the finest thing I ever heard. It was dusk, when two squadrons of Prussian cavalry, both of them two deep, passed over me in full trot, lifting me from the ground, and tumbling me about cruelly: the clatter of their approach, and the apprehensions it

excited, may be easily conceived; had a gun come that way it would have done for me. The battle was then nearly over, or removed to a distance; the cries and groans of the wounded all around me became every instant more and more audible, succeeding to the shouts, imprecations, outcries of 'Vive l'empereur!' the discharges of musquetry and cannon; now and then intervals of perfect silence, which were worse than the noise — I thought the night would never end. Much about this time, I found a soldier of the Royals lying across my legs, who had probably crawled thither in his agony; his weight, convulsive motions, his noises, and the air issuing through a wound in his side, distressed me greatly, the latter circumstance most of all, as the case was my own. It was not a dark night, and the Prussians were wandering about to plunder (and the scene in Ferdinand Count Fathom came into my mind, though no women, I believe, were there); several of them came and looked at me, and passed on; at length one stopped to examine me. I told him as well as I could (for I could say but little in German), that I was a British officer, and had been plundered already: he did not desist, however, and pulled me about roughly before he left me. About an hour before midnight, I saw a soldier in an English uniform coming towards me; he was, I suspect, on the same errand. He came and looked in my face; I spoke instantly, telling him who I was, and assuring him of a reward if he would remain by me. He said that he belonged to the 40th regiment, but had missed it. He released me from the dying man: being unarmed, he took up a sword from the ground, and stood over me, pacing backwards and forwards. At eight o'clock in the morning some English were seen at a distance; he ran to them, and a messenger was sent off to Hervey. A cart came for me. I was placed in it, and carried to a farm-house, about a mile and a half distant, and laid in the bed from which poor Gordon (as I understood afterwards) had been just carried out: the jolting of the cart, and the difficulty of breathing, were very painful. I had received seven wounds; a surgeon slept in my room, and I was saved by continual bleeding, 120 ounces in two days, besides the great loss of blood on the field.

"The lances, from their length and weight, would have struck down my sword long before I lost it, if it had not been bound to my hand. What became of my horse I know not; it was the best I ever had.

"The man from the Royals was still breathing when I was removed in the morning, and was soon after taken to the hospital.

"Sir Dennis Packe said, the greatest risk he ran the whole day was in stopping his men, who were firing on me and my regiment when we began to charge. The French make a great clamour in action, the English only shout.

"Much confusion arose, and many mistakes, from similarity of dress. The Belgians, in particular, suffered greatly from their resemblance to the French, being still in the very same clothes they had served in under Bonaparte."

Such, probably, is the story of many a brave man, yet to me it was

new. The historian, describing military achievements, passes silently over those who go into the heat of the battle, though there, as we have seen, every character displays itself. The gay are still gay, the noble-minded are still generous; nor has the commander, in his proudest triumph, a better claim to our admiration, than the meanest of his soldiers, when relieving a fallen enemy in the midst of danger and death.

THE BURNING BUSH.

(From Beaufort's "*Karamania.*")

We had seen from the ship, a small but steady light among the hills: on mentioning the circumstance to the inhabitants, we learned that it was a *yanar*, or volcanic flame; and they offered to supply us with horses and guides to examine it.

We rode about two miles, through a fertile plain, partly cultivated; and then winding up a rocky and thickly wooded glen, we arrived at the place. In the inner corner of a ruined building the wall is undermined, so as to leave an aperture of about three feet diameter, and shaped like the mouth of an oven: from thence the flame issues, giving out an intense heat, yet producing no smoke on the wall; and, though from the neck of the opening we detached some small lumps of caked soot, the walls were hardly discoloured. Trees, brushwood, and weeds, grow close round this little crater; a small stream trickles down the hill hard by, and the ground does not appear to feel the effect of its heat at more than a few feet distance. The hill is composed of crumbly serpentine, with occasional loose blocks of limestone, and we perceived no volcanic productions whatever in the neighbourhood.

At a short distance, lower down the side of the hill, there is another hole, which has apparently been at some time the vent of a similar flame; but our guide asserted, that, in the memory of man, there had been but the one, and that it had never changed its present size or appearance. It was never accompanied, he said, by earthquakes or noises; and it ejected no stones, smoke, nor any noxious vapours—nothing but a brilliant and perpetual flame, which no quantity of water could quench. The shepherds, he added, frequently cooked their victuals there; and he affirmed, with equal composure, that it was notorious that the yanar would not roast meat which had been stolen.

This phenomenon appears to have existed here for many ages; as unquestionably this is the place to which Pliny alludes in the following passage:—"Mount Chimæra, near Phaselis, emits an unceasing flame, that burns day and night." We did not, however, perceive that the adjacent mountains of Hephæstia were quite so inflammable as he describes them. The late Colonel Rooke, who lived for many years among the islands of the Archipelago, informed me, that, high up on the western mountain of Samos, he had seen a flame of the

same kind, but that it was intermittent.

Among several ruined buildings about the yanar, we found the remains of a Christian church. It is low, and rudely built; the inside had formerly been stuccoed, and painted in compartments of red, white, and green, but had afterwards received a coarse coat of plaster, which having dropped off in many places, discovers several painted inscriptions curiously ornamented, but of which we could make out little more than "Theodulus, the servant of God." There are many mutilated inscriptions on detached stones in the neighbourhood: in one we again read the name Olynpus; another, which is on a broken pedestal, that now forms a part of the wall through which the flame emerges, records the virtues of some person to whom a statue had been erected at the public expense; but in none of them is there the smallest allusion to the flame.

Five miles north-east from Deliktash there are some small uninhabited islands, called by Turks and Greeks, the Three Islands. They are unnoticed by Strabo and Ptolemy, but are probably the three barren Cypriæ of Pliny.

Opposite to these islands, and about five miles in-shore, is the great mountain of Takhtalu. The base, which is composed of the crumbly rock before mentioned, is irregularly broken into deep ravines, and covered with small trees: the middle zone appears to be limestone, with scattered evergreen bushes; and its bald summit rises in an insulated peak 7800 feet above the sea. There were a few streaks of snow left on the peak in the month of August; but many of the distant mountains of the interior were completely white for nearly a fourth down their sides. It may be inferred from thence, that the elevation of this part of Mount Taurus is not less than 10,000 feet, which is equal to that of Mount Ætna.

It is natural that such a striking feature as this stupendous mountain, in a country inhabited by an illiterate and credulous people, should be the subject of numerous tales and traditions: accordingly we were informed by the peasants, that there is a perpetual flow of the purest water from the very apex; and that, notwithstanding the snow, which we saw still lingering in the chasms, roses blow there all the year round. The agha of Deliktash assured us, that every autumn a mighty groan is heard to issue from the summit of the mountain, louder than the report of any cannon, but unaccompanied by fire or smoke. He professed his ignorance of the cause; but, on being pressed for his opinion, he gravely replied, that he believed it was an annual summons to the elect to make the best of their way to Paradise. However amusing the agha's theory, it may possibly be true that such explosions take place. The mountain artillery described by Captains Lewis and Clarke, in their travels in North America, and similar phenomena which are said to have occurred in South America, seem to lend some probability to the account. They have also a tradition, that, when Moses fled from Egypt, he took up his abode near this mountain, which was therefore called Moossa-daghy, or the mountain of Moses. May there not be

some fanciful connection between this story and the yanar already described? That place and this mountain are not many miles asunder; and the flame issuing from the thicket there, may have led to some confused association with the burning-bush on Mount Horeb, recorded in Exodus.

From this singular spot we returned by a different road, and halted at some Turkish huts, or (more properly speaking) heaps of loose stones, which, scarcely arranged into walls, support, by way of roof, a covering of branches, leaves, and grass; neither chimney nor window was to be seen; and nothing more wretched can be conceived than these habitations. This, however, applies only to the outside; for, on our approach, the ladies had quickly retreated to their houses, and our infidel eyes were not allowed to peep into those hallowed precincts. In fine weather (and in that climate three-fourths of the year are fine) the men live under the shade of a tree. To the branches are suspended their hammocks and their little utensils; on the ground they spread carpets, upon which the day is chiefly passed in smoking; a mountain-stream, near which they always chuse this umbrageous abode, serves for their ablutions and their beverage; and the rich clusters of grapes, which hang from every branch of the tree, invite them to the ready repast.

The vines are not cultivated in this part of Asia in the same manner as in the wine-countries, where each plant is every year pruned down to the bare stalk: they are here trained up to some tall tree, frequently a plum or an apricot; the tendrils reach the loftiest as well as the lowest branches, and the tree thus seems to be loaded with a double crop of fruit. Nothing can present a more delightful appearance than the intimately blended greens and the two species of fruit, luxuriantly mingled. How alluring to the parched and weary traveller in these sun-burned regions! and in none perhaps will he meet with a more hearty welcome. In the Turkish character there is a striking contrast of good and bad qualities:—though insatiably avaricious, a Turk is always hospitable, and frequently generous; though to get, and that by any means, seems to be the first law of his nature, to give is not the last. The affluent Mussulman freely distributes his aspers; the needy traveller is sure of receiving refreshment, and sometimes even the honour of sharing his pipe. His religion binds him to supply his greatest enemy with bread and water, and, on the public roads, khans, where gratuitous lodging is given, and numerous fountains for the benefit of the thirsty passenger and his cattle, have been constructed by individual benevolence.

In this point of view, the character of the modern Greeks would ill bear a comparison with that of their oppressors. Such a comparison, however, would be unfair, for slavery necessarily entails a peculiar train of vices: but it may be hoped, that the growing energy, which must one day free them from political slavery, will also emancipate them from its moral effects.

PERSONS AND MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE OF JAVA.

(From Raffles' "*History of Java.*")

The inhabitants of Java and Madúra are in stature rather below the middle size, though not so short as the Búgis and many of the other islanders. They are, upon the whole, well shaped, though less remarkably so than the Maláyus, and erect in their figures. Their limbs are slender, and the wrists and ankles particularly small. In general, they allow the body to retain its natural shape. The only exceptions to this observation are, an attempt to prevent the growth or to reduce the size of the waist, by compressing it into the narrowest limits; and the practice, still more injurious to female elegance, of drawing too tightly that part of the dress which covers the bosom. Deformity is very rare among them. The forehead is high, the eyebrows well marked and distant from the eyes, which are somewhat Chinese, or rather Tartar, in the formation of the inner angle. The colour of the eye is dark; the nose small and somewhat flat, but less so than that of the islanders in general. The mouth is well formed, but the lips are large, and their beauty generally injured by the practice of filing and dying the teeth black, and by the use of tobacco, síri, &c. The cheek-bones are usually prominent; the beard very scanty; the hair of the head generally lank and black, but sometimes waving in curls, and partially tinged with a deep reddish-brown colour. The countenance is mild, placid, and thoughtful, and easily expresses respect, gaiety, earnestness, indifference, bashfulness, or anxiety.

In complexion, the Javans, as well as the other Eastern islanders, may be considered rather as a yellow than a copper-coloured or black race. Their standard of beauty, in this respect, is "a virgin gold colour:" except perhaps in some few districts in the mountainous parts of the country, where a ruddy tinge is occasioned by the climate, they want the degree of red requisite to give them a copperish hue. It may be observed, however, that they are generally darker than the tribes of the neighbouring islands; especially the inhabitants of the eastern districts, who may indeed be considered as having more delicate features, and bearing a more distinct impression of Indian colonization, than those of the western or Súnda districts. The Súndas exhibit many features of a mountainous race. They are shorter, stouter, hardier, and more active men, than the inhabitants of the coast and eastern districts. In some respects they resemble the Madurese, who display a more martial and independent air, and move with a bolder carriage, than the natives of Java. A considerable difference exists in person and features between the higher and lower classes; more indeed than seems attributable to difference of employment and treatment. The features and limbs of the chiefs are more delicate, and approach more nearly to those of the inhabitants of Western India; while those of the common people retain more marked traces of the stock from which the islands were originally peopled. In colour there

are many different shades in different families and different districts, some being much darker than others. Among many of the chiefs a strong mixture of the Chinese is clearly discernible: the Arab features are seldom found, except among the priests, and some few families of the highest rank.

The women, in general, are not so good-looking as the men; and to Europeans many of them, particularly when advanced in years, appear hideously ugly. But, among the lower orders, much of this deficiency of personal comeliness is doubtless to be attributed to the severe duties which they have to perform in the field, to the hardships they have to undergo in carrying oppressive burdens, and to exposure in a sultry climate. On the neighbouring island of Báli, where the condition of the women among the peasantry does not appear by any means so oppressed and degraded, they exhibit considerable personal beauty; and even on Java the higher orders of them, being kept within doors, have a very decided superiority in this respect.

In manners the Javans are easy and courteous, and respectful even to timidity; they have a great sense of propriety, and are never rude or abrupt. In their deportment they are pliant and graceful; the people of condition carrying with them a considerable air of fashion, and receiving the gaze of the curious without being at all disconcerted. In their delivery they are in general very circumspect and even slow, though not deficient in animation when necessary.

The soil is in general extremely fertile, and can be brought to yield its produce with little labour. Many of the best spots still remain uncultivated, and several districts are almost desert and neglected, which might be the seats of a crowded and happy peasantry. In many places the land does not require to be cleared, as in America, from the overgrown vegetation of primeval forests, but offers its service to the husbandman almost free from every obstruction to his immediate labours. The agricultural life in which the mass of the people are engaged, is on Java, as in every other country, the most favourable to health. It not only favours the longevity of the existing race, but conduces to its more rapid renewal, by leading to early marriages and a numerous progeny. The term of life is not much shorter than in the best climates of Europe. A very considerable number of persons of both sexes attain the advanced age of seventy or eighty, and some even live to one hundred and upwards; nearly the same proportion survive forty and fifty as in other genial climates.

While life is thus healthy and prolonged, there are no restraints upon the formation of family connections, by the scarcity of subsistence, or the labour of supporting children. Both sexes arrive at maturity very early, and the customs of the country, as well as the nature of the climate, impel them to marry young; the males at sixteen, and the females at thirteen or fourteen years of age: though frequently the women form connections at nine or ten, and (as Montesquieu expresses it) "infancy and marriage go together." The conveniences which the married cou-

ple require are few and easily procured. The impulse of nature is seldom checked by the experience of present deficiencies, or the fear of future poverty. Subsistence is procured without difficulty, and comforts are not wanting. Children, which are for a very short period a burden to their parents, become early the means of assistance and the source of wealth. To the peasant who labours his field with his own hand, and who has more land than he can bring into cultivation, they grow up into a species of valuable property, a real treasure; while, during their infancy and the season of helplessness, they take little from the fruits of his industry but bare subsistence.

Their education costs him little or nothing; scarcely any clothing is required; his hut needs very little enlargement, and no beds are used. Many of them die in infancy from the small-pox and other distempers, but never from scanty food or criminal neglect of parents. The women of all classes suckle their children, till we ascend to the wives of the regents and of the sovereign, who employ nurses.

As the Javans are a quiet domestic people, little given to adventure, disinclined to foreign enterprise, not easily roused to violence or bloodshed, and little disposed to irregularities of any kind, there are but few families left destitute in consequence of hazards incurred or crimes committed by their natural protectors. The character of bloodthirsty revenge which has been attributed to all the inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago, by no means applies to the people of Java; and though, in all cases where justice is badly administered, or absolutely perverted, people may be expected to enforce their rights, or redress their grievances, rather by their own passions than by an appeal to the magistrate, comparatively few lives are lost on the island by personal affray or private feuds.

It is part of the domestic economy, that the women of the family should provide the men with the cloths necessary for their apparel; and, from the first consort of the sovereign to the wife of the lowest peasant, the same rule is observed. In every cottage there is a spinning-wheel and loom, and in all ranks a man is accustomed to pride himself on the beauty of a cloth woven either by his wife, mistress, or daughter.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 15.—BRIGHTON WALKING DRESS.

JACONOT muslin round dress over a French grey sarsnet slip. The dress is richly worked round the bottom and up the front. High body, composed of alternate strips of byas-tucked muslin and letting-in lace. Long sleeve, finished at the wrist by rouleaus of worked muslin, each rouleau edged with narrow lace. Over this dress is

worn the Blandford spencer, composed of white queen's silk. We refer our readers to our print for the form of this spencer; it is trimmed, in a very novel and tasteful style, with white satin and braiding. *Fichu* of white gauze, very full trimmed with *tulle.* Blandford bonnet, composed of Leghorn: the crown is rather high, the front of a moderate size, and square at the ears; it is lined with white satin, and trimmed with the same material and Leghorn tassels, a bunch of which is placed at the left side. A full bunch of blue fancy flowers ornaments it in front, and it is finished by white satin strings. The shape of this bonnet is peculiarly novel and becoming. Pale yellow slippers, and Limerick gloves.

PLATE 16.—THE GLENGARY HABIT

Is composed of the finest pale blue cloth, and richly ornamented with frogs and braiding to correspond. The front, which is braided on each side, fastens under the body of the habit, which slopes down on each side in a very novel style, and in such a manner as to form the shape to considerable advantage. The epaulettes and jacket are braided to correspond with the front, as is also the bottom of the sleeve, which is braided nearly half way up the arm. Habit-shirt, composed of cambric, with a high standing collar, trimmed with lace. Cravat of soft muslin, richly worked at the ends, and tied in a full bow. Narrow lace ruffles. Head-dress, the Glengary cap, composed of blue satin, and trimmed with plaited ribbon of various shades of blue, and a superb plume of feathers. Blue kid gloves, and half-boots.

We are indebted to the taste and invention of Miss M'Donald of 29, Great Russel-street, Bedford-square, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Few of the fair votaries of *ton* remain in town at present; Brighton, Cheltenham, and other places of fashionable resort for the autumnal months, are crowded, and it is from them that we must select models of taste and elegance to present to our fair readers.

The general style of dress at this moment appears to be a whimsical, but not inelegant, mixture of the French and English costume for the promenade and carriage attire. We refer our readers to our print for an elegant specimen of this style of dress. The hats and bonnets, with one exception, are entirely French: that one is a plain round hat, of the same shape as that worn by gentlemen. These hats are composed of fancy straw, chip, French willow, or Leghorn; the crown is ornamented with rouleaus of satin, and the top has a full puffing of gauze to correspond. A large bunch of corn-flowers, mingled with ears of wheat, is a favourite ornament, but straw flowers are also considered fashionable. Many ladies wear them without any ornament.

Muslin walking dresses are in high estimation for dishabille: poplin and fancy silks are, however, partially worn. One of the prettiest dresses that we have seen is composed of jaconot muslin. The bottom of the skirt is finished by four rows of oak-leaves embroidered in coloured worsteds, and pla-

ced at considerable distances from each other; each of these rows is surmounted by a narrow pointed flounce, which is overcast with coloured worsted. There are two bodies, the one high, the upper part of which is formed entirely to the shape of the bust by letting-in lace; the other is composed of eased muslin, the easings drawn by bright green ribbon. This body is cut very low all round the back; it comes down on each side of the front, but does not meet. The easings are zigzag, and their effect is novel and pretty. Plain long sleeve, finished at the bottom of the wrist by a zigzag easing across the arm, and a full double fall of lace. A rich lace *collerette*, eased with green ribbon to correspond, is an indispensable appendage to this dress.

There is nothing very novel in the make of silk or poplin dresses; they still continue very short in the waist, tight to the shape in general, or if there is any fulness, it is only at the bottom of the waist. Ribbon, though so long in fashion, is still in the highest estimation for trimmings; it is indeed disposed in such various ways as to have an appearance of novelty. For undress or half dress, ribbon only forms the most fashionable trimming. For pelisses, satin is still prevalent; it is mostly disposed in a double row of shells.

For the carriage or promenade dress, white satin spencers and hats are very general, as are also white satin pelisses. The spencers are in general trimmed with blond; the hats are ornamented with low plumes of white feathers, or bunches of flowers. White satin pelisses are also trimmed with blond lace, but it has mostly a heading of plain blond fancifully intermixed with chenille.

Morning dresses are mostly made open in front, and very full trimmed with work: the petticoat is trimmed to correspond. The body is a *chemisette;* it has no collar, but is trimmed round the neck with three falls of work, or else a *collerette*, composed of lace, is worn with it. These robes are very appropriate for morning costume, but they are too much trimmed; nothing can be more unbecoming to a short figure, or a lady inclined to what the French term *en bon point.* Tall *belles*, indeed, appear to considerable advantage in those dresses; but it is to be hoped, for the sake of the undersized, that the fashion will be transient.

Three-quarter high bodies are much in favour for dinner dress. Where the gown is of muslin, the body is always composed of either work or letting-in lace; the back is full, and the front tight to the bust. In queen's silk or sarsnet, the back is tight to the shape.

Low bodies are also much worn in dinner dress, but never without a gauze, British net, or *tulle fichu.* The form of these bodies, indeed, renders an inside covering indispensable, as they are made to slope down on each side of the neck so as to expose it very much. They are very advantageous to the appearance of the shape.

Muslin still predominates for dinner dress, but silks begin to be in favour, and even fancy poplins are partially worn. We have nothing novel to announce in trimmings.

The form of evening dress is the same as dinner, except that a white lace or satin front is worn inside the low body which we have just described, and that short sleeves are almost universal, and long ones are generally adopted in dinner dress. There is no alteration in the materials of full dress, but for social evening parties fine clear muslin, richly trimmed with lace and rouleaus of twisted satin ribbon, or else draperies of *tulle* drawn up by white silk cords and tassels, and edged with satin ribbon, are very fashionable. A short full sleeve is fastened up with bows of white satin ribbon. A cestus of white satin, edged with white silk fringe, and fastened behind in a full bow without ends, is worn with these dresses. We have seen nothing for some time in the form of evening dress that pleased us so much; it is at once simple, tasteful, and becoming.

Caps are more worn in half dress than ever. Gauze caps are in very high estimation. As to the forms of these head-dresses, they are so various that one would be puzzled to tell which was most fashionable; we mean the crowns of caps, for the lower parts are generally of the mob kind. Some few ladies, indeed, venture to wear what used to be termed cottage caps; but though they are very becoming, and exceedingly proper for half dress, they are but partially adopted.

The Blandford turban, invented by the lady who favours us with our dresses this month, is at present in high requisition among tonish *élégantes:* it is composed of a white lace scarf, disposed in folds round a small oval crown; these folds are wreathed with pearl. One end of the scarf falls loosely over the neck at the right side, and a plume of white feathers is placed at the left. This is an uncommonly elegant head-dress.

Though *toques* and turbans are in general estimation, flowers are still much in favour, particularly with youthful *belles.* White lace scarfs, either pinned carelessly at the back of the head, with the ends flowing behind, or else disposed in folds in the style of a turban, are also in favour.

Turquoise and emeralds, mixed with pearl, are in high estimation in full-dress jewellery. In that worn for half dress, plain gold continues most in favour; but white cornelian, elegantly set in gold, is still fashionable.

Half-boots, the lower part of kid, the upper of stout silk, are in general estimation both for carriage dress and for elegant promenade costume: they are worn very short.

No alteration in the fashionable colours for the month.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, August 18, 1817.

My dear SOPHIA,

OUR promenades still continue to be filled with white-robed *belles.* Muslin is the order of the day, and cambric muslin is more fashionable for the promenade than any thing else.

Gowns are still made without gores, and so scanty as to have a very ungraceful effect. The skirts of dresses also begin to be a little

shorter. As to trimmings, flounces are universal; they are always plaited either in large or small plaits, and in general scolloped at the edge. A very favourite style of body is that which resembles a habit; I mean habits as they used to be worn ten or twelve years ago, with a falling collar, lappels, and a row of buttons on each side of the breast. Long sleeve, finished at the wrist by a long loose cuff, which falls almost over the hand, and is ornamented with three buttons. Half-sleeve, which is very full, and the fulness confined by three bands of muslin placed down the arm.

The *fichus* worn with these dresses are always finished by an enormous ruff, which shades the lower part of the face, and the *fichu* itself is plaited as small as possible.

A more novel and becoming walking dress is one composed of cambric muslin; a row of trimming, disposed in large plaits round the bust, forms a kind of pelerine, and another round the waist has the appearance of a jacket. The long sleeve is drawn up at the shoulder in one large fold, and this fold is edged also by a row of trimming. The bottom of the sleeve is finished by three rows of trimming, to correspond with the skirt.

Silk scarfs, spencers, and pelisses have entirely disappeared. Sashes, tied behind in bows and long ends, are very fashionable, as are also coloured ribbons tied round *collerettes* of muslin; these ribbons are generally plaid.

White is also most in favour for *capotes* and *chapeaux*. Crape, *gros de Naples*, and perkale, are highest in estimation: straw is at this moment very little worn. The crowns of bonnets are of a very moderate height, and the fronts are almost invariably square at the ears.

Flowers are as much worn as ever, and wheat-ears are also in considerable estimation. The favourite ornament for hats is a wreath of flowers round the top of the crown; sometimes there is a double wreath, one of flowers, the other of ripe wheat-ears. Roses, honeysuckle, daisies, geranium, and mignonette, compose these wreaths. Pinks are in high favour, but they are used in bunches, which are placed at the side.

Bouillonnes, lately so prevalent round the edges and crowns of bonnets, are now only partially worn. Loops of yellow straw are in great request, particularly on white crape hats.

Now for the *cornettes* which I mentioned to you in my last. The first of them is composed of spotted muslin, and lined with pink sarsnet; the lower part a mob, with very broad ears; a round crown is plaited in, and this crown is adorned with full puffings of muslin; a pink ribbon round the front, a rich lace border, and pink strings, finish it. This is a pretty breakfast cap. Another is composed of *tulle*; the lower part a mob, trimmed with plaited *tulle*. This *cornette* has a dome crown, which is ornamented at top with three rows of rich lace, each row surmounted by a *bouillonne* of white satin; the lower part of the crown is very full, and the fulness is divided into compartments by rouleaus of white satin: it is ornamented with a rich bunch of Provence roses and white satin strings.

The last, and in my opinion the

prettiest, is composed of letting-in lace and ribbon; the lower part is a mob, and the ears are cut very far back, and are narrow: it is sloped up on the forehead so as to display nearly all the front hair. The crown is oval, of a moderate size, and quite byas; a small white lace handkerchief, the ends of which hang down, is tastefully disposed round the top of the crown, and the lower part is ornamented with a wreath of honeysuckle. *Cornettes* are rarely lined with silk, and never but for complete dishabille.

I have nothing novel to announce to you either in the form or materials of dinner dress. I recollect at this moment, that in speaking of the promenade costume, I forgot to mention the revival of a very ancient, and in truth a very unbecoming, fashion: I mean a large muslin handkerchief, the ends of which are tied behind. This is worn as an out-door covering, without either *collerette* or ruff, and has, as you would say in England, a very dowdy appearance.

White crape is partially worn in full dress, but *tulle* is much more general. The ball dress which I promised to describe is composed of it, and is worn over a white soft silk slip; round the bottom of the slip is a wreath of red honeysuckle, which is partially seen through the draperies of the dress. These draperies, about a quarter deep, are composed also of *tulle*, and edged with blond; they are fastened by silver cords and tassels of a light and elegant pattern, and very small. The body has nothing particular in its form, but the trimming gives it an appearance of novelty: it is a broad blond lace, which is draperied to correspond with the bottom of the skirt, and each drapery is fastened with a pearl ornament. The sleeves are blond lace, fastened up with pearl ornaments to correspond with the bosom, and the bottom of each of the under sleeves is embroidered, but in a smaller pattern, to correspond with the bottom of the slip. This ball dress is in high estimation, and certainly no fair votary of Terpsichore can wish for a more elegant or becoming garb.

There is no alteration in head-dresses since I wrote last. The newspapers have apprised you of the death of the little princess, an event which is in every sense an unfortunate one for her charming mother. The Duke de Berri evinced a degree of feeling at the time which people in general had supposed him too volatile to possess. The duchess's sufferings were very severe, but she had all the consolation which friendship and universal sympathy could bestow.

I have just seen your old friend, Miss D——, who has charged me to say a thousand pretty things in her name to you. She delivered these florid *nothings* in a manner, which would have tempted me to believe that there was something in the air of France that inclined people to be complimentary, did not my own experience prove the contrary, for I still retain all that English bluntness on which you, my Sophia, used so often to rally your ever affectionate EUDOCIA.

I forgot to mention, that one sees occasionally a few *chapeaux*, or *capotes*, of red or green crape, or *gros de Naples;* but the generality of head-dresses are like the gowns —white.

MUSLIN PATTERNS

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 14.—FASHIONABLE CHAIRS.

THE annexed plate represents chairs from the repository of Mr. G. Bullock, and they are designed for apartments of three different modes of building: the centre chair is intended for a Grecian library, that to the right of it for a suite of rooms in the Gothic style, and that on the left for a book-room in a mansion built in the seventeenth century. Although the forms are good, and well adapted to the purpose for which they are designed, yet the materials with which they are composed, and the excellence of their workmanship, give an importance and value to them, that is not to be exhibited by a graphical representation.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IN the course of next month will appear a new *Catalogue of Mr. Ackermann's Repository of Arts*, consisting of between 3 and 4000 copper-plate engravings.

On the 1st Sept. will be published the fifth and last part of *Albert Durer's Prayer-Book;* with introductory matter, a portrait of the artist, and an index explanatory of the designs. This work, printed from stone, is the first effort of Mr. Ackermann's lithographic press.

On the 1st of October will appear, also from Ackermann's lithographic press, a folio work, in forty pages, containing *Ornaments from the Antique*, for the use of architects, sculptors, painters, and ornamental workers.

In a few days will be published, *An Essay on Public Credit*, by David Hume, first printed in 1752; with a Letter to the people of Great Britain and Ireland on the prophetic character of its principles. The appendix will contain an analysis of Mr. Bentham's work on Reform, and a review of several other publications on the same important subject.

Soon will appear a new edition of the Abridgment of Ainsworth's *Latin Dictionary*, revised by J. Carey, LL. D.

Mr. Moir, an indefatigable compiler of several useful publications, announces another under the title of *Curious and Interesting Subjects of History, Antiquity, and Science;* containing the earliest information of the most remarkable cities of ancient and modern times, their customs, architecture, &c. &c.

In the course of next month Mr. Henry Smith, organist of Aldgate, will publish, by subscription, *Six Canzonettas for the Voice and Piano-Forte*, dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. The words are selected from Shakspeare, Pope, Bloomfield, and Sheridan.

Dr. Uwins, physician to the City and Caledonian Dispensaries, will commence a course of Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Medicine, at his house, No. 1, Thavies' Inn, Holborn, on Friday, the 3d of October, at seven o'clock in the evening precisely: and in spring, Dr. Uwins will commence a course

of Lectures on Materia Medica and Pharmacy.

The original manuscripts of the celebrated Mozart, consisting of the scores of his operas, such as *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, *Idomeneo*, *Cosi fan tutti*, &c. are in the hands of Mr. T. André, music-seller of Offenbach, by whom they were purchased of the widow of that eminent composer.

To the admirers of the rare productions of nature in general and the visitors to Matlock Bath in particular, we would recommend, as an object well worthy of attention, the Rutland Cavern, situated on the heights of Abraham. These heights afford, beyond comparison, the finest walks about Matlock, which are kept in constant repair by the proprietor. They are about a mile in extent, running zigzag up the face of a mountain, and commanding in various places the most pleasing views. The scenery in the interior of the cave is singularly striking, grand, sublime, and extensive, and superior to any in this country. It is alone an instructive lesson to the lovers of mineralogy, as every variety of vein, and the different modes of obtaining the ore, may be seen. To those who are fond of this branch of natural history, Matlock Bath will prove highly interesting; and at the Museum there every kind of the mineral productions may be purchased on moderate terms.

Poetry.

ODE

On the 18th June, 1817, being the Anniversary of the memorable Battle of Waterloo.

By John Carnegie.

Peace, peace to the shades of those heroes who bled
For the freedom of Europe, by glory's aim led;
Peace, peace to their shades, though now low their dust lies,
Never die shall their fame till immortal they rise;
Peace, peace to the shades of those warriors true,
Who fell at the battle of famed Waterloo!
While time shall last, while seas shall beat,
While fair Europa life retains,
At Waterloo, the Gauls' defeat
The Muse shall sing in grateful strains.

Let the loud-sounding trumpet the triumphs proclaim,
Of great Wellington, Hope, Hill, Dalhousie, and Græme;
Let the nations to Britain, with banners unfurl'd,
Give the palm—*she* gave freedom to half of the world.
Raise the trophy to Britain, emblazon her name
In the temple of Glory and annals of Fame!
Now the mighty contest's o'er,
Joy shall fill the world again;
War shall cease from shore to shore,
Peace shall bless and freedom reign.

Glasgow.

THE EARTHENWARE-SHOP.

A FABLE.

In an earthenware shop, 'mongst the vessels of clay,
There arose, at one time, a most terrible fray:
A great ill-looking jar first began to complain,
How much he endured from contempt and disdain!

While vessels inferior in strength and in size,
In their gaudy appearance, attracted all eyes,
No customer shew'd him the smallest respect;
And he was resolv'd not to bear such neglect.

His speech was applauded. But who can describe
The effect which soon follow'd throughout the clay tribe?
This spirit fermented in ev'ry direction;
Pots, pitchers, and pans, quickly caught the infection:
" Down, down with those vases (they instantly cry)
" Which so splendid appear, and are set up so high!
" Though, enamel'd and gilt, they look fine on the shelves,
" They're nothing but vessels of clay, like ourselves;
" And, to speak the plain truth, that same ill-looking jar
" In strength and in substance excels them by far."

A few, better taught and more wise than the rest,
Would have fain, by sound reas'ning, their clamour suppress'd;
And have shewn that the maker, in forming his plan,
To its own use adapted each pitcher and pan;
That, though not made the table or sideboard to grace,
Each might be esteem'd in its own proper place:
For vessels there are, as we all of us know,
Which we cannot dispense with, though not meant for show:
Thus, banishing envy, contention, and strife,
We should each live a useful and peaceable life.

But in vain was calm reas'ning: the noise was renew'd,
And mischief and misery quickly ensued.
" Down, down with those vases (again was the cry)
" Which so splendid appear, and are set up so high!"
But, ah! they ne'er thought, when they tore down the shelves,
The ruin they surely would bring on themselves:
For those wretched fanatics had not sense to know,
That the vases in falling would crush them below.

SONGS.

From MOORE's "*Lalla Rookh.*"

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgotten again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome, as if loved for years!

Then fly with me—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me,
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee;
Fresh as the fountain under-ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found*.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,

* The Hudbud, or lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under-ground.

When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love as false as thine!

'Tis sweet in the vallies of Cashmere to stray,
And list' in its woods to the nightingale's lay;
While the moonbeam is shedding its dews and its light
On the blush of the fruits and the gloss of the leaves,
And the heart, as it melts into love, almost grieves
That the daybreak should end such a night.

'Tis sweet on a flower-bed of roses to rest,
Which bloom in that garden of fragrance so wild,
And see all around you, so bright and so blest,
As if 'twere an Eden where love only smiled:
When the night-hymn is heard from the far minaret,
'Tis sweet in the shade of the date-tree to listen,
And watch in the sunbeam, ere yet it is set,
The gold-burnish'd wing of the beetle-fly glisten:
'Tis sweet when the stars, dancing bright in the wave,
Make its face no less fair than the blue scope of heaven!
And all is so still, that the sigh which we gave,
In a whisper more tender is back again given.

Oh! lovely Cashmere, though thy roses are sweet;
And the starlight and moonlight that shine upon thee,
Are such as in no other land ever meet,
To make all on earth as like heaven as can be:
Though thy fruits and thy blossoms are fairest of all,
And no fragrance can rival the breeze from thy mountains;
Though no waters so bright from their jasper bed fall,
As dance in the moonbeam that lights on thy fountains:

Yet, land of all loveliness, there is an hour
When even thy beauty more beautiful seemeth;
And that is at eve when the gay Haram bower,
As bright as the fancies that love ever dreameth,
Unveils its warm daylight of blushes that glow,
Like the tint of the sun on a fair flake of snow;
When the sigh and the glance are all busy to tell
The hopes and the fears in the bosom that dwell.
'Tis then, lovely land, thou art sweetest to me,
For I live in the smiles of my own Imonee;
And I kiss, while the stars only look from above,
Her cheek full of warmth and her lip full of love.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.